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Vol. CLI No. 1969 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 16 1937

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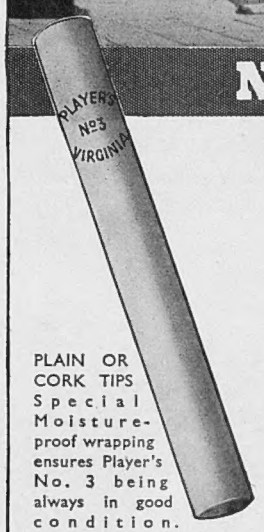

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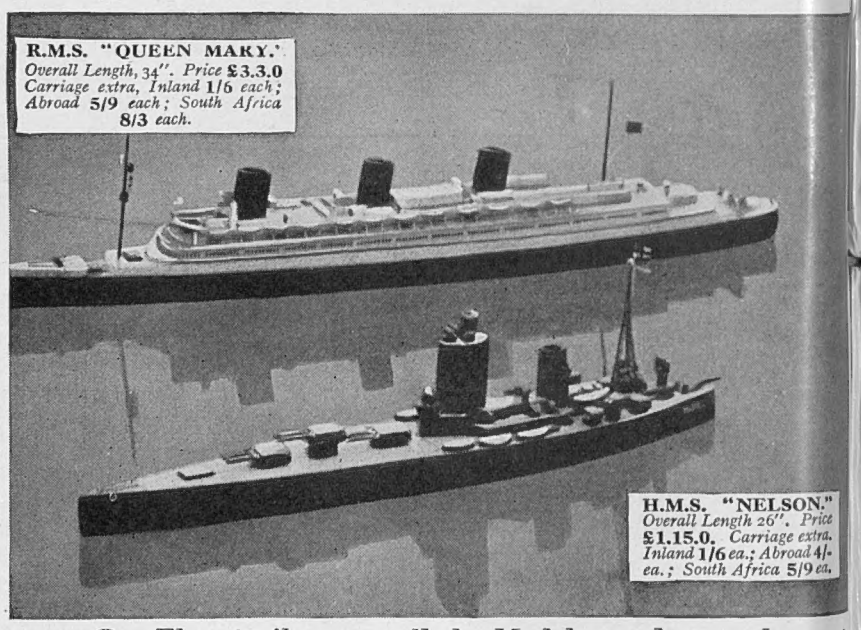

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PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

OCT. 1ST Returned yesterday from my holidaying at Cannes. The sea-passage did leave me somewhat queasy, and the train came scandalously late into Victoria. But this day, although I do feel the lack of the hot sun, in many matters I am glad enough to be rid of the puzzlement of what I should drink between meals. For, albeit I have much liking for French wines, I have no great love for their curious 'apéritifs,' which either burn the vitals or taste like Physick for the Cough. So that never before this evening have I so relished my Brandy mingled with Schweppes Ginger Ale. And I swear the gay sparkle and bubbling heartiness of Schweppes Waters have no peer or counterpart among outlandish refreshments across the sea.

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 16, 1937

MAH JONGG ON THE SHANGHAI FRONT

British Troops Manning the International Settlement's Boundary Enjoy a Quiet Game Within Earshot of the Guns

For all its ferocity the complicated struggle now raging in and around Shanghai would appear to have little bearing on the main outcome of the Sino-Japanese war, and it is quite evidently in the north that Japan hopes to pin down the Chinese armies and rout them in the field after a short but intensified war. Already successes are coming her way and only a few days ago General Terauchi's swift thrust resulted in the capture of Shihchiachwang, the important junction on the Peiping–Hankow railway, and in the turning of the flank of the last Chinese defences in Hopei. It was a momentous stroke and the wholesale retreat that followed boded ill for the Central Government's cause. Meanwhile fighting has continued in the Shanghai area and reports have been full of praise of the manner in which the Chinese have been holding on to their positions, showing no signs of weakening at any point in their lines. Anxiety in the International Settlement is far from being allayed, however, and it is well that we have such a formidable force on hand to protect British nationals and British property if their safety should be still further menaced

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S WORLD SURVEY: The Prime Minister, who was suffering from a severe chill at the time, addressing the annual conference of the Conservative Party when he visited Scarborough last week and made a number of important pronouncements on affairs at home and abroad. The highlight of his speech was his appreciation of President Roosevelt's recent call to peace, while Mr. Chamberlain also referred at length to the satisfactory progress made by the re-armament programme to which "there can be no halt," he said, "until the world returns to sanity"

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, October 13, 1937.

COLLECTIVE FOLLY.—The intolerable nuisance of hooliganism which (as expected) Sir Oswald Mosley's latest procession evoked underlines a truth which is all over the world becoming more and more clear to all of us—that both Fascism and Communism are to-day mere negative, not constructive, creeds. They are anti-s and nothing more. Each feeds its flame of hatred and enthusiasm on the spirit of the other. Each is kept alive by the excesses of the other. When the right of free speech is continued as the right of free fights, the prime principle of British administration—the liberty of the subject—is not worth exercising, for thereby, as all decent citizens realise, more of the subject's liberty is threatened than is safeguarded. For the rest, these particular incidents are of no importance. And as in microcosm, in mean streets in London, so in Europe on a larger scale, the great truth is being laid bare. If many well-informed and authoritative writers on Spain may be believed, the tragedy of Spain drags on for no better reason than to afford a cock-pit in which two mad dogs may tear at each other's throats. Spain is being bled white (still after more than a year) in internecine slaughter, when the political ideal which launched the fighting has vanished into thin air and the hideous truth, revealed in microcosm in South-East London, is plain to the Spaniards as to us. Spaniards on both sides know bitterly to-day that neither Communism nor Fascism can win the day in Spain. Whichever side wins, if either win, Spain, exhausted and impoverished by the loss of invaluable lives and treasures, will emerge neither a Fascist nor a Communist State but a disillusioned Democracy, having but one clear aim, to cement its disrupted elements, to kick out and keep out of its territories the foreigners who have made of Spain a convenient cock-pit for their national aims and jealousies. As brother dies at the hand of brother in Spain, he realises that he dies not for an ideal, not for his country's good (as he saw it), but for the sport of alien backers who long time have laughed at the absurdity of his own sacrifice as a gladiator in an international arena. Well has Señor Nogales described the civil war as the most monstrous case of collective folly in all history. It is not the Spaniard's belief in the ideal of Communism or of the ideal of Fascism which is murdering thousands of Spaniards every month, but the fear and jealousy felt by one foreign nation of another foreign nation. Spain, blindly fighting on, brother with brother, wears to-day the most tragical fool's cap ever set on a nation's brow. And to-morrow she will wake to tear it off and dedicate her last drop of blood and treasure to the one object of ridding her country of all foreigners of whatever tongue or creed.

LABOUR'S FIVE YEAR PLAN.—Labour's programme to be carried through when Labour rules again, is announced. It is only an instalment of a greater scheme to bring into being a Socialist Commonwealth. It is a big instalment, and I daresay might have been bigger still if Labour leaders were as confident as I am that public memory is so short as to be negligible. Not being quite certain of this, Labour, which promised before what it could not fulfil, dare not promise in five years of majority rule to do more than nationalise the banks, the land, power, and various forms of lighting and heat, and the transport services. It is a big programme; yet those who scoff at it sit in the House of Fools. For one thing it can hardly fail to appeal to the "have-not" voters. For another it steals some of the thunder from the Jupiters now in power who are in the main not less strongly socialistic. For another, Labour has been too long without a declared policy of brass-tacks, even such super-brass-tacks as these. And there is sense and justice in many of Labour's claims. They declare that, man for man, they have recruits for every Government office not less competent than those now in power. No reason, I think, to scoff at that. Labour should certainly have its turn again. There is health and stimulus and elasticity in the old British institution of Party Politics. The real difficulty which faced the planners of Labour's programme was to adjust the size of the plums offered to the dish they propose to use. Five years is all too short a time to rush through such reforms without the use of the revolutionary guillotine.

FRANCE AND THE FORTY-HOUR WEEK.—The plain man has a much simpler creed than the political idealist. And the longer I contemplate the world's troubles, the more trust I place in the plain man's reasoning. He believes that what is true of the individual is true also of the group of individuals, the community or the nation. The civilised individual holds that peace and security are only possible for him if he obey the moral code and the laws of his country, keep his bargains and the rule of meum and tuum, and extend reasonable help to his neighbour in emergency. He has also a simple but clear conception of economics. He lives only by the labour of his hands. The more he works, the more he has of comfort, credit, and insurance against rainy days. When his bills accumulate and his credit falls, he must work harder. That, the plain man thinks, must also be the rule for the community of individuals. But not so the political idealist. He puts the cart before the horse. He holds that, if the ideal be established, that which is bad in the stern laws of simple economy will conform. Ideally it would be pleasant to work for short hours and to enjoy many more hours of serene and planned leisure. And in a new Eden, the ideal might work. But not in a complicated, congested, outworn, and rotten world, in which the simple laws of economics are most stringently applied. France chose a bad moment in which to wave the wand of idealism and the world has watched with curiosity and without surprise the swift failure of her attempt to cure the ills of the old world by a wave of the wand, by merely introducing the ideals of a new Eden. Still as of old, what is true of the individual is true of the community. A nation stands or falls by its credit. If its credit sinks, it must produce more goods to redress the balance, and to do that, it must work harder and not less. France's forty-hour week ideal must wait on happier days. Just now, France must take her coat off again.

PALESTINE PURGE.—Even Britons, even Mandate-holders, turn at last when enough British blood has been shed, and Palestine at last saw the British and patient ass take shape as a lion. When the purge came, it was on Soviet or Nazi lines. The Mufti of Jerusalem was deprived of his offices which are powerful. The Mayor was "wanted" on a warrant, so were the Presidents of the Arab Party and the Arab Bank; and the chief officials of the Arab Committee and Youth Organisation. As and when found, to be deported. The Arab Higher Committee has been excommunicated. These men and their organisations are proven on good authority to have carried on since June an organised campaign of assassination. One would say they have been allowed a lot of rope and many of their body deserve to be hanged as high as Haman. It is likely that a vast majority, Jew, Arab, Briton, and foreigner, of the country will be and are intensely relieved by this clearing-up of assassins and provokers of murder and sabotage. For it is another case of international piracy and Heaven knows why Authority so long held its hand. The hired assassins are believed to have come mostly from the Syrian border and some of the agents provocateurs were no doubt international trouble-makers. It is still all to do in Palestine. Law and order must come first, then conciliation and only then, after a period of test, can begin the slow materialisation of the Peel Commission recommendations as modified from time to time by the League Committee.

THE LATE SUMMER.—Among our annual fixtures, the necessity (if necessity it be) of returning to Greenwich time during the first week of October must be reckoned a nuisance. Especially so when summer enchantingly lingers on and it is pleasant to be out and about until half-past six (summer time). The "long winter evenings" are small compensation for the necessity of returning home from one's lawful occasions in lamp-light, and the hour given in exchange in the morning is of no value to the majority, and even the milker of cows finds it usually turned into night by early mists. But there it is! Summer is officially over and we will label it and put it on memory's shelf. Statistically, it was a "normal"

summer, rather more than usually thunderous—nothing to remark but for a prolonged spell of fine weather in August. Statistics are cold-hearted things, summers vary greatly in different localities. I personally label the late summer with a red label and three stars. I found it dry, sunny, and delightful. May had its cold spells and 2·35 ins. of rain. June was fine and had less than an inch of rain. July gave us no more than 1·17 ins. August, acclaimed a splendid month, when I was away, gave but 1·35 ins. September, which produced 2 ins., almost all in three days, was the most perfect I can remember. It was an idyll during the last fortnight. Cloudless skies, temperate, medicinal sunshine, glorious colour schemes, still and serene airs, the perfection of the marriage of mature summer with young autumn. I declare that I enjoyed that fortnight more than my holiday month and lived in paradise on green figs. That is a new joy added to September. Never before do I remember to have been able to buy and eat as many luscious green figs as I could compass, and at prices as popular as those current in Italy—a new and welcome evidence of progress and thoughtfulness in the fruit industry. Green figs and a wonderful September helped me to forget the beastliness and madness of Europe and

DIPLOMATIC CENTRALISATION—AMERICA'S NEW LONDON G.H.Q.: To this vast building in Grosvenor Square, a handsome brick and stone structure rising to seven storeys, have now been transferred from their scattered offices the staffs of the American Embassy, the Consulate General, the Military, Naval, Commercial, and Agricultural Attachés, the Shipping Board and, in fact, nearly everyone engaged in the administrative work of the U.S.A. Government in London. The Ambassador himself will continue, however, to live in the house in Prince's Gate which Mr. J. P. Morgan presented to the nation, although he has an office in the new building. The place, which has been planned on the most modern scale, is the work of the American architect, Mr. John Russell Pope, who died only a few days ago

the Far East. But back to our statistics. The five summer months were very satisfactory and gave a total rainfall of no more than 7·85 ins. Total for year 30·33 ins.—well above the average, of course. *Percunt et imputantur.*

VICTORIA THE GREAT.—I've heard people comparing the film *Victoria the Great* and Mr. Housman's play. I've heard people talking about them under the impression that the former was a "film version" of the latter. Having now seen (despite the warnings of my friends) the film *Victoria the Great* I am left as before guessing as to what is in the mind of film producers and film critics. On what level is the standard of education down to which the successful film producer believes he must work? And why is he so convinced that that standard is primitive? Must history and truth for ever be distorted and adjusted to be within the comprehension and to appeal to the sentiment and taste of civilised peoples? Are simple history and proved fact too serious, too boring, too lacking in romance, ever to appeal to the average film-goer? And must balance, efficiency, reality, taste, for ever be sacrificed on the screen to the alleged inferiority of the film public's intelligence? These are hard questions, to which no answer is ever forthcoming. Historical knowledge, taste, art, infinite patience, sensitiveness, made it possible for Mr. Housman to write a fine and unobjectionable play round Victoria whose children are still alive and presumably sensitive. The film play was no doubt produced with considerable expenditure of money and thought. But, as so often with films, the thought forever obtrudes itself:—Why waste good money on a theme so trivial? For there is very little history, no balance, and very little beyond the crudest form of humour or human interest in the film. The few scraps of historical fact made use of are distorted or misapplied. The required "love interest" is dragged in in borrowed clothes, crude at that, when the simple truth supplies it in full measure; and a score of historical episodes, which no amount of distortion or editing could improve on to supply drama, are passed over as unsuitable. That is what the cinema offers towards education—a supply of childish labels. George III is forever the man who puzzled over the apple dumpling, Gladstone a man forever addressing public meetings, and Victoria, a pig-headed autocrat who was not amused save by the impertinence of John Brown; while the Victorian Age is a comic interlude when men thought 40 m.p.h. the acme of speed. It is no great contribution.

MOSLEY'S BEST ADVERTISEMENT.—Every sane man must loathe and condemn the senseless hooligans who stoned Sir Oswald Mosley—not least those who most fear or hate his movement. Personally I do not fear his movement in this country. I take it to be no more constructive than Communism. In Britain each of these movements seems to exist solely on the excesses of the other, each to be a mere "anti." But when I read of the outrage to Sir Oswald instantly my irritation with his tiresome antics changed to sympathy with the man, and to some admiration for his pluck and altruism. He is brave and sincere and he chose deliberately the rough life in the wilderness, when the smooth and smug road to place and power was obviously within his grasp. Had he remained in the fold, he had now long since taken his place in the Government among the men of moderate ability who govern our destinies. In ability he is well above the average of them, in imagination also. But he lacks no doubt their shrewd notions of judicious compromise, their safety-first conventionalism. He runs on benzine (highly inflammable) and not on commercial spirit. See, I am glorifying Sir Oswald and all because a blackguard or two threw stones at him. It is always so.

THE BANQUETING HALL.—In the reign of James I, Whitehall, embowered in gardens and orchards, was the seat of Government, official London and the Royal Palace in chief. In 1608 James pulled down its "rotten, slight-builded banqueting house" and built another which was very soon burnt down. Then Inigo Jones was called in to plan a new palace *in extenso*, and his plans may, I think, still be seen at Worcester College. It was to have been on a scale of unprecedented magnificence covering 24 acres (N.B.—Hampton Court covers only 8!). But Inigo only completed the Banqueting Hall we know and now have, and Rubens was commissioned by Charles I to paint the glorious ceiling. The rest of the scheme fell through. Charles I, of course, stepped out from a hole broken in the wall of the Hall to his scaffold. In 1891, Victoria granted a Royal Charter to the U.S. Institution to use the Hall as a museum. It is a museum I enjoy. I pore over the miniature plan of the Battle of Waterloo and the relics of battles long ago by sea and land. But the building is rather obscured by the exhibits, and if the Government need a hall for its official banquets, it is difficult to deny the appropriateness of the most splendid building built for that very purpose by artists 300 years ago and still readily

BOUND FOR THE THEATRE OF WAR: Rear-Admiral Reginald Holt, D.S.O., M.V.O., formerly Captain, Royal Naval College Dartmouth, pictured on board the liner *Rajputana* as he left England for the Far East where next month he will take over command in the Yangtze

THE HERRING SEASON OPENS IN EAST ANGLIA: One of the cheerful Scottish fisher girls, who follow the shoals on their southward journey down the coast, placing fish in a barrel during the work of gutting and salting. The industry continues to have a hard fight for existence, but the work of the Herring Board in restricting the number of nets, when necessary, is doing much to prevent the recurrence of those unfortunate gluts

available, since the U.S. exhibits could well be housed elsewhere. I hope the scheme will go through, provided the public have access to the Hall when the Government is not engaged in glorying and drinking deep there.

STOCK EXCHANGE ADVICE.—A provincial stockbroker takes me so good-naturedly to task for some adverse criticisms I recently made on the panics and insane optimisms of Wall Street and other 'Changes that I list him as an ally rather than as a critic. He frankly admits that it is difficult for a stockbroker to see the wood for the trees but argues that he is, with his knowledge of markets better qualified to give advice than others. I agree with him as regards solicitors at any rate. He supplies some cardinal rules for those who still lean on the advice of their stockbroker before investing their money. (1) Do not confuse speculation with investment. (2) Do not expect your stockbroker to be a prophet. (3) Beware of the stockbroker who says he *knows*. I give my correspondent these assurances and reservations categorically: (1) I don't. Let him draw us a clear line of demarcation; (2) I don't, and won't. (3) I do, and will.

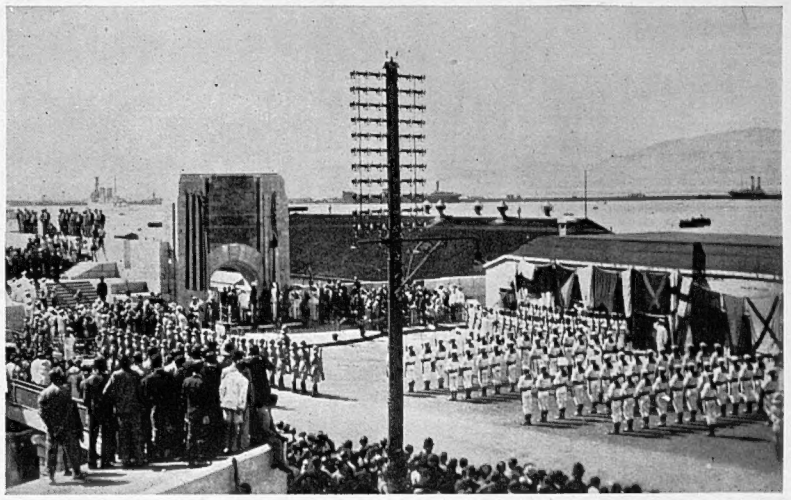
THE OLD STAGER

FROM TWO CONTINENTS: A Pictorial News Record

GERMANY—THE DUKE OF WINDSOR'S VISIT: His Royal Highness accompanied by Dr. Ley (right centre), leader of the Labour Front, on his arrival at the Stock machine works in the Berlin suburb of Marienfelde, where he started his twelve-day tour of inspection of labour conditions in the Reich. The Duke and Duchess were given a great ovation when reaching the capital, many members of the British colony assembling to greet them. Later in the year they will go to the United States

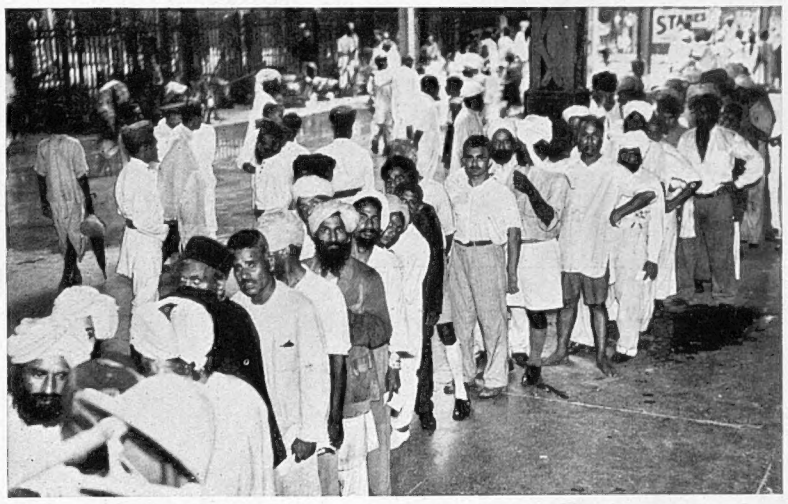
SWITZERLAND—EX-KING ALFONSO RIDES BY TRAM: This delightfully informal study was taken a few days ago in Lausanne where His Majesty travels about in the most democratic manner possible and, well known as he is, often goes unrecognised

BULGARIA—KING BORIS CELEBRATES: His Majesty walking along a flower-strewn street when he made a publ c appearance in Sofia on the 19th anniversary of his accession to the throne. His popularity has grown immensely of recent years, and there were great rejoicings a short while ago on the birth of an heir to the throne

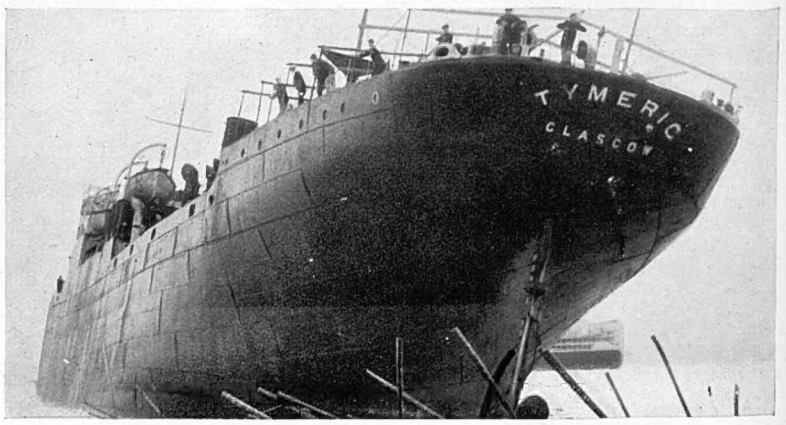


GIBRALTAR—AN ANGLO-AMERICAN OCCASION: The scene at the unveiling of the memorial archway leading to the sea front through the ancient fortress walls. It has been built by the American Battle Monuments Commission to commemorate the achievements and comradeship of the British and United States navies in the Mediterranean during the great war. The ceremony was attended by Admiral A. D. Fairfield, U.S.N., representing General Pershing

FRANCE—AT THE POLLS: A police officer voting in the first ballot of the elections held to fill 3,392 vacant seats on the various departmental or arrondissement councils. The preliminary results published last Tuesday indicated a pronounced victory for the Chautemps-Bonnet policy and a setback for the extreme Left



INDIA—SHANGHAI REFUGEES: Just a few of the 700 Indian subjects who arrived in Calcutta on the S.S. *Elephanta*, having been brought back from the eastern theatre of war at the expense of the Government. They are mostly Punjabis and are now faced with the heartbreaking task of beginning life all over again



HONG KONG—TYPHOON: The Glasgow registered vessel, *Tymeric*, aground off the North Point after the big storm which struck the Colony a few weeks ago, doing an incredible amount of damage to shipping in the harbour and to property ashore. It was reckoned one of the worst gales within living memory

CANTON: Evidence of the Material Havoc in the Japanese Air Bombardment

SHANGHAI: British Troops Defend the Settlement and U.S. Reinforcements Arrive

AFTER CANTON'S "RAIN" OF TERROR: While the pagoda escaped almost unharmed the humble dwellings in this street in the Tungshan area of the city were well-nigh completely razed to the ground following the attack by ten Japanese bombers which, in fifteen minutes, wrecked buildings by the score and killed no fewer than 3,000 non-combatants. It was the worst raid of the war, and nearly all the damage was done in the Chinese quarter, the foreign concession emerging unscathed and not one Government building being hit, despite the fact that the sky was cloudless and objectives easy enough to pick out

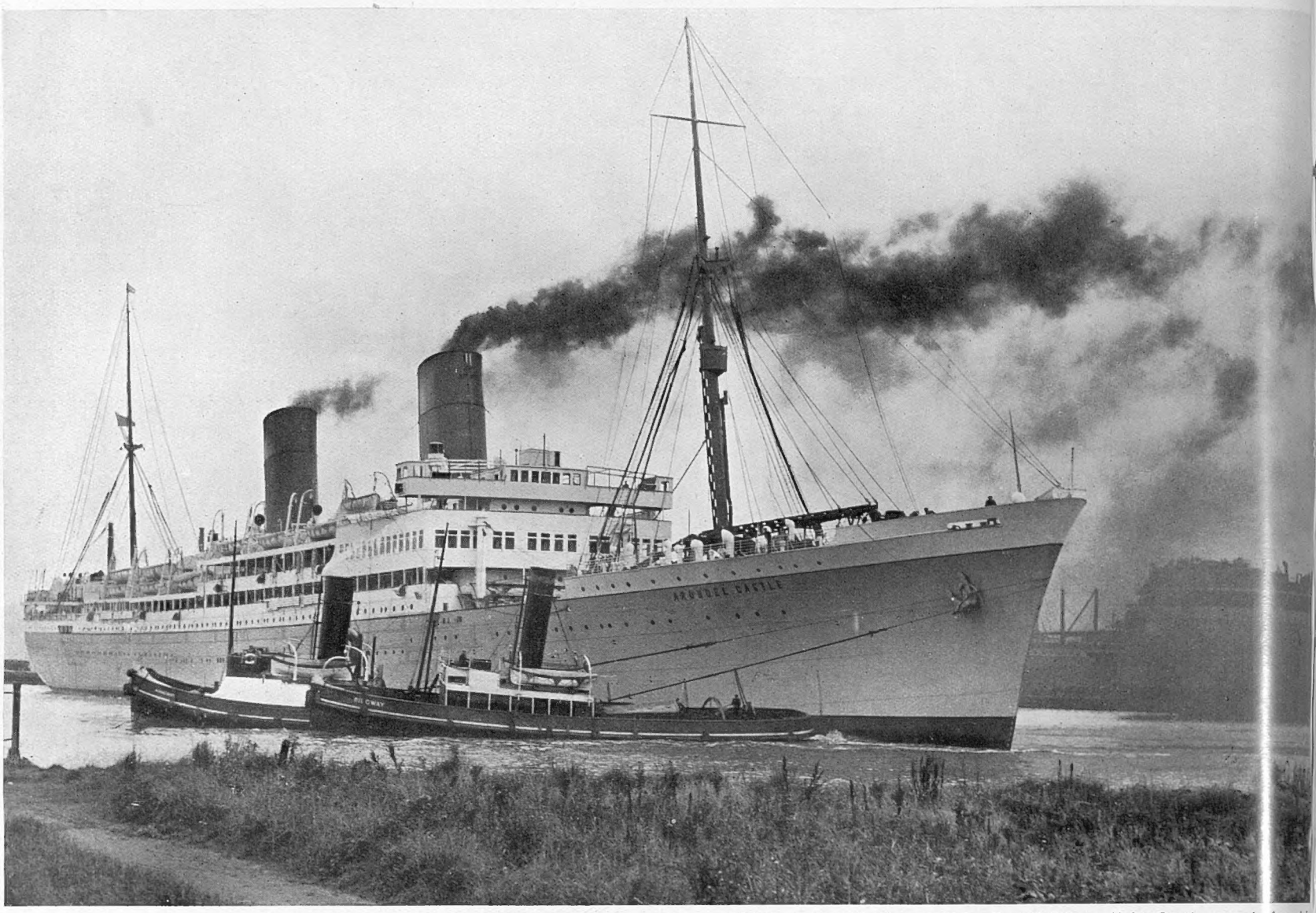
UMBRELLAS IN WARFARE: They are a favoured item of the Chinese army's equipment, and on many a troop train in which only open waggons are used they afford much-needed protection against the drenching autumn rain.

At the moment weather conditions are doing a lot to slow up the war, particularly in the Shanghai area, where there has been heavy rain for days on end, rendering troop and artillery movements matters of extreme difficulty

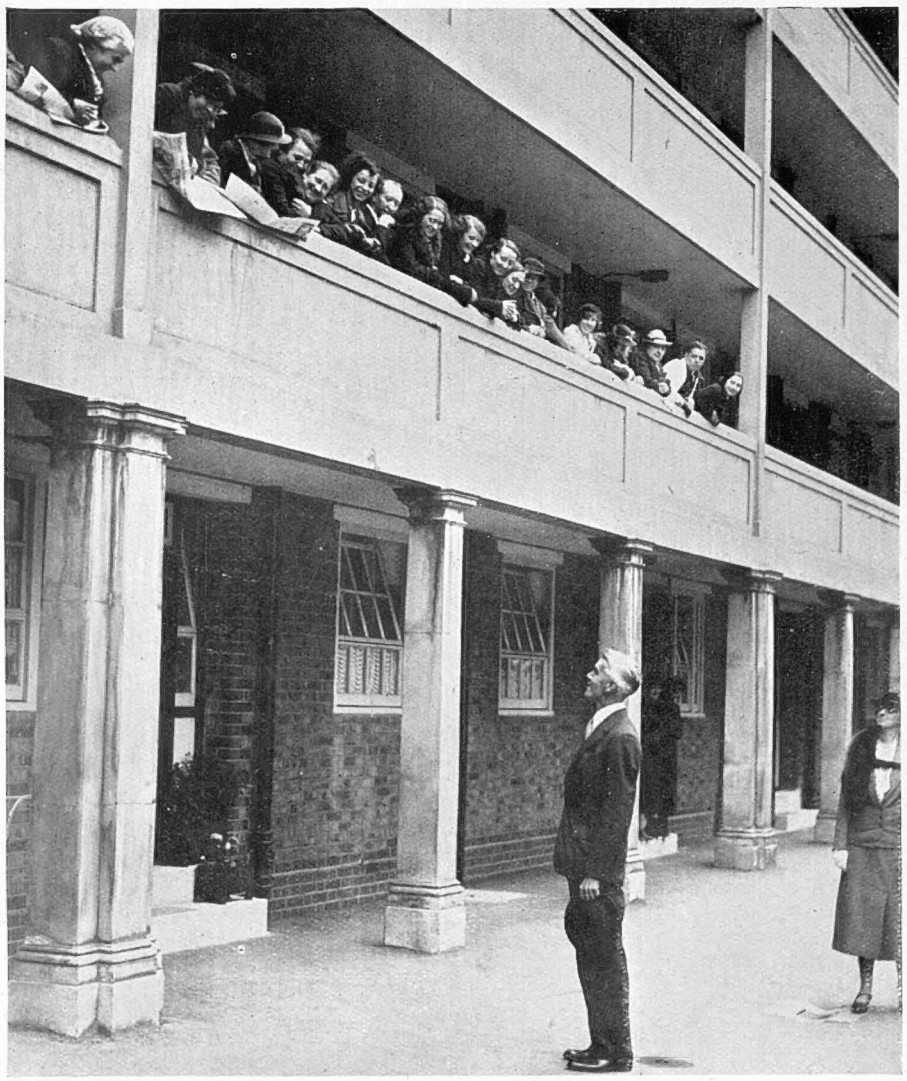
"GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL"—"BEWARE OF THE DOG"—"KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN"—"MORE BEER": Just a few of the facetious inscriptions, reminiscent of 1914-18, which British troops have chalked up on the sandbag barricades round Shanghai. *On right*—U.S. marines going ashore at Shanghai from the S.S. *Chaumont* which had brought them from America. They make a useful reinforcement to the other foreign troops in the Settlement

MAINLY MARITIME:

"Arundel Castle" in a New Guise : The Two "Discoveries" in the News at the Same Time : The Minister of Agriculture Opens Working Class Flats : The Durham Light Infantry Prepare for Foreign Service



TRANSFORMATION OF A LINER: The 19,000-ton Union-Castle vessel *Arundel Castle* passing down to the sea from Harland and Wolff's Belfast yard where since January last she has been undergoing extensive structural alterations to fit her to take her place in the company's accelerated 14-day service to the Cape. She is the first of the older ships to be re-conditioned and her appearance has been much changed, the hull having been lengthened by the fitting of a raked stem and her four funnels replaced by two



PROGRESS OF A BIG RE-HOUSING SCHEME: Mr. W. S. Morrison, Minister of Agriculture and Commissioner of Crown Lands, addressing the tenants from the courtyard after opening the sixth block of working class flats built by the Commission in the Cumberland Market area, east of Regent's Park. This new building is known as Camberley House and the 128 flats are for the most part occupied by people whose houses have lately had to be demolished

A VETERAN MOORS FOR GOOD: The day after the Royal Research ship *Discovery II* (as depicted top right) had set out on another of her voyages to the Antarctic, the other *Discovery*—the ship that served Captain Scott so well—was the scene and the subject of an interesting ceremony as she was officially handed over to the Duke of Kent who, in his capacity of

"DISCOVERY II" LEAVES ON HER FIFTH ANTARCTIC VOYAGE: A great send-off was accorded the Royal Research ship when she set out from London last week on a twenty months cruise in the far South where her crew of scientists will once again pursue their study of the habits of whales with a view to gathering data that will help in the preservation of the species. The vessel contains a fully equipped laboratory and is doing similar work to the other research ship *William Scoresby* which is also bound for the whaling grounds

Commodore of Sea Scouts, received her from Sir Herbert Henniker-Heaton, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Falkland Islands. The vessel is now permanently moored in the Thames off Temple Steps, Victoria Embankment, and will serve as a headquarters and a training ship for sea scouts. Standing on the left of the Duke of Kent in this picture is Chief Scout Lord Baden-Powell

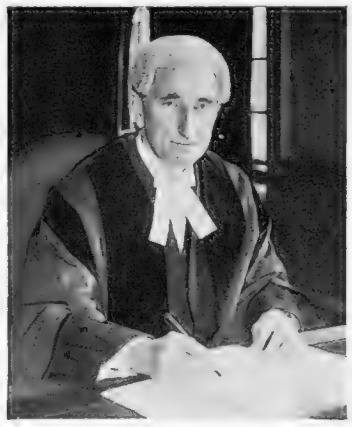
MEASURE FOR MEASURE: Major V. A. C. Yate, second in command of the 1st Battalion, Durham Light Infantry, which is shortly leaving for China, using a packet of cigarettes to measure the extent of the turn-down on the stockings forming part of the men's foreign service kit. This mode of calculation has been in use for a long while and is naturally most effective for, as can be well imagined, every unit has a constant supply of these ready-made rulers

START OF A NEW TERM: Sir Walter Mordant Stagge in conversation with Sir Stanley Kelly when leaving Westminster Abbey after the service held prior to the inauguration of the Michaelmas Law Sittings. Judges, K.C.s, and officers of the Supreme Court walked there in procession

COLLABORATORS IN A NEW PARTNERSHIP: Miss Edith Savile, who is now appearing in *Victoria Regina*, and Major J. Sabben Clare, with whom she has collaborated in writing several plays, leaving Marylebone Register Office after their marriage last week

SCARBOROUGH'S PRESIDING GENIUS: Mrs. Clara Fyfe, who acted as president at the Conservative party's 64th annual conference last week

AMERICAN LEGIONARIES IN LONDON: Sir Frederick Maurice greeting members of the party of U.S. war veterans after they had placed a wreath on the Cenotaph, one of their first acts on arrival in England



LONDON'S NEW RECORDER: Mr. G. Dodson, successor to Sir Holman Gregory, who took his seat at the Old Bailey last Tuesday

"SHELTEROCK MERRY SOVEREIGN": Mr. S. M. Stewart's fine Airedale, which was adjudged the best dog in the Kennel Club Show at Olympia, seen with the coveted challenge cup. It had a rival as a subject of interest, however, for the Arctic husky dog (*right*) was brought from its home at the London Zoo and placed on view. Only a short while ago it was taken North in order to assist the last Greenland Expedition in its work

Japan's War Aims

And Her Military Accomplishments to Date

Reviewed by F. E. DEAN

BOTH China and Japan are staking their whole existence on the war in which they are now engaged. From a small incident on July 7 at the Marco Polo Bridge near Peiping the conflict has spread over nearly the whole of China. China's coast is blockaded by Japanese warships, her cities hundreds of miles in the interior are being bombed by Japanese warplanes. What is it all about? What does Japan hope to gain by thus invading Chinese territory to fight a war that is costing her millions?

A week ago, on October 8, General Matsui, Commander of the Japanese forces on the Shanghai front, issued a formal proclamation stating Japan's purpose: to protect Japanese vested interests and "to scourge the Chinese Government and army . . . . To those who bear arms against Japan, the Japanese will show no mercy."

But this statement covers only the war period. What, then, are Japan's ultimate purposes which have so clashed with Chinese national pride as to bring on these hostilities? And what, at the end of four months of remorseless warfare, are the apparent gains on either side? Has Japan begun to achieve her aims?

Japan's aims are said to be three-fold, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say three deep, one within another like the puzzle boxes made in Japan. The large, enveloping aim, foretold years ago by students of Eastern affairs, is Japan's determination to form a pan-Asiatic coalition of which she shall be the dominating force. Into this scheme, it is believed, fall not only China and Manchukuo but also those parts of Eastern Asia that lie to the south and south-east of China—Indo-China and the islands of the Pacific. But China, greatest of the Asiatic countries and of most immediate importance to Japan's scheme, has not consented to such a scheme and is now at war to repudiate it. "Economi co-operation" is the term by which Japan's militarists and diplomat have of late years described this plan.

General Chiang Kai-Shek, Premier and Generalissimo of China, sai a few days ago, "This is China's last chance to save herself fro domination by Japan." Professor Chang Peng-chun, speaking at th Albert Hall last week, expressed China's sentiments by saying that Chin wants to develop her own country in her own way.

Within this large purpose of Japan lies another, more definite an immediate: Japan's determination to control China's five norther provinces: Suiyuan, Chahar, Hopei, Shansi, and Shantung. Th purpose Japan officially stated two years ago when she proposed t China a plan for making these five provinces "autonomous," "a loos federation of States friendly to Japan," a buffer between China an Manchukuo. This plan was thwarted in 1935 not only by Chines opposition but by political and financial difficulties in Tokyo. A surve of Japan's military objectives during the past four months of war show clearly that this is still the immediate purpose that Japan follows.

The purpose within these purposes is China's complete econom subservience to Japan. As far back as 1915 Japan included th as one of the twenty-one demands. How has Japan worked toward these objectives during the present war, and has she accomplished an of her aims?

For over a month after hostilities commenced the war was restricte to North China. There had been quarrels there about "economic c operation" in certain railway leases as well as about autonomous State Japan had been for many months trying to get a grant for railway con struction in Hopei Province from Shihkiachwang to Tsangchow. Th would have given her control of a railway connecting the two ma Chinese railways between Peiping and South China, and it would als have given her direct approach to the much coveted coal mines of Shan Province, since Shihkiachwang was already the eastern terminus of railway running straight to Taiyuanfu, the capital of Shansi. Tl Nanking Government refused to give its consent to this Japanese proposa

It is significant of Japan's purposes that she has during the pa months consistently pushed her way southwards along the two railwa lines from Peiping until her armies reached and conquered Tsangcho on September 24, and Shihkiachwang on Sunday last. The Tokyo report of the fall of Shihkiachwang makes clear its importance to the Japanese plan:

"The fall of this place gives Japan control of Hopei, increases the Japanese menace to Shansi Province, and is believed also to improve the chances for a speedier end to the war." In other words, Japan has got very nearly what she was after just before hostilities commenced. He earlier successes in Hopei included the taking of Tientsin and Peiping early in August: the former the most important commercial city of North China, the latter the former Chinese capital for hundreds of years. On September 24 another important city fell under Japanese control, Paotingfu, the capital of Hopei ever since Japan forced the provincial Government to move there from Tientsin in May, 1935 (see THE SPHERE, August 14, page 257). Meantime it was reported in Tokyo on Septen ber 21 last that "All the most important coal and iron mines of Shansi are now under Japanese control." Yet Japan continues to assert that she has no territorial ambitions in China.

Japan's repeated bombings of Canton and Nanking last month were only subsidiary operations from the military point of view, having as object the quicker conquest of the North by cutting off supplies and breaking the spirit of the Chinese Government. They served, however, to bring upon Japan the censure of fifty-two nations, members of the League of Nations, for wanton destruction of civilian lives and homes. And they, more than any other incidents of the war, brought the United States out of her neutrality seclusion last week when President Roosevelt denounced Japan's course, and the United States Secretary of State designated Japan the aggressor in the war in China, and promised American co-operation with the League of Nations.

The blockade of China's sea coast, which Japan has maintained since August 25, was not only a military measure to facilitate Japanese victory by shutting off war supplies from China, but it was a move toward that utmost purpose of Japan, to gather all of China's trade of Asia under the control of Japan. Shanghai, which has been the centre of war activities since August 13, is of the greatest importance to this part of the scheme, since it is the richest and greatest commercial centre of the Far East.

But, although Japan seems to be well on the way to attaining her immediate objectives, it is impossible to prophesy how much longer the war will go on. Both China and Japan have called upon their people to prepare themselves for a long, enervating struggle.

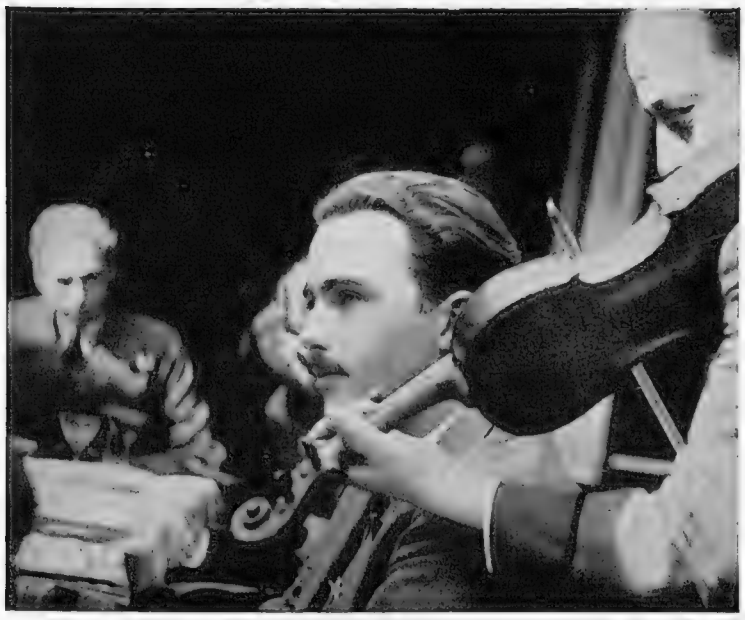
A EUROPEAN SURVEY

Exiles in Paris : American Legionaries at Versailles War Memorial Unveiling : Waiters Race in the Faubourg Montmartre

BOGGED : This light tank came to grief when negotiating marshy terrain during the recent German army manœuvres in Mecklenburg, one of its caterpillars becoming deeply embedded. The military exercises this year were on a particularly elaborate scale and were attended by many foreign notabilities, including Signor Mussolini

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR IN PARIS: Riding through the grounds during one of their visits to the great exhibition last week. Last Monday they were due to arrive in Germany, where His Royal Highness had made arrangements to study the labour and social conditions under the Nazis

COMING SIR! Paris waiters setting out from the Faubourg Montmartre on their annual race through the streets of the city, a lighthearted affair that always draws a big field and a host of spectators. So many entered for it this year that the start was a bit of a scramble and one man is seen in the centre brought down to his knees



ARCHDUKE OTTO LUNCHES IN "HUNGARY": The claimant to the dual Habsburg monarchy in the Hungarian Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, where he spent several hours last week and lunched with his friends. Thus for a brief space the Young Pretender was able to breathe the atmosphere of his own land and to hear the lilting melodies of a tzigane orchestra. His home is at Castle Steenockerzeel, Belgium, where he lives with his mother

TWENTY YEARS AFTER: General Pershing (left), C.-in-C. of the American forces on the Western Front in 1917–18, and Marshal Pétain, C.-in-C. of all the French armies following Foch's promotion to Generalissimo, walking together at last week's ceremony at Versailles where a monument to the U.S. Expeditionary Force was unveiled in the presence of the 3,000 members of the American Legion now in France to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of their entry into the great war

CATALONIA'S CAPITAL: Looking across Barcelona, the city of Governmental Spain that has so far escaped the worst of the civil war

BARCELONA AND THE WAR

An Eye-Witness Account of Life in this Stronghold of Communist Spain

By GUY CRONWRIGHT

IT was Charles the Bald of France, they say, who dipped his hand in the blood of the man who had saved his life and drew with his four fingers the four red bars across the yellow shield. "You are free" he said, "and independent." The yellow flag of Catalonia still carries those four red bars and to-day it flies jointly with that of the Spanish Republic in Barcelona and all over the rich State of Catalonia to make plain that Catalonia is free and independent at last.

Barcelona, largest city in the Spanish peninsula, is and has long been the industrial hub of Spain. In Barcelona a working and middle class of European type has grown up. It has chafed uneasily in the medieval harness forced upon it by the Spain that General Franco represents.

A national movement founded on their individual culture, language, and tradition, bound together the mass of the people in a demand for autonomy. The supporters in the middle and upper classes demanded freedom from the political rule and financial demands of the Madrid Government and its privileged clique; and the workers, organised into trade unions and unified by strikes and repressions sought their own advancement and a new economic order by the imposition of their will in this area in which their power would be dominant.

On July 19, 1936, it was in Barcelona that the rebellion was first crushed. Since then the numerous political parties have struggled against Franco and one another. To-day the cloak of the People's Front is thrown over all dissensions.

Looking over the city from the upper road no sign of damage is to be seen. The twin and twisted spires of the Templo de la Sagrada Familia, the Telephone building, the Cathedral, all these are apparently unchanged. In the streets however, the marks of the struggle are clearly seen

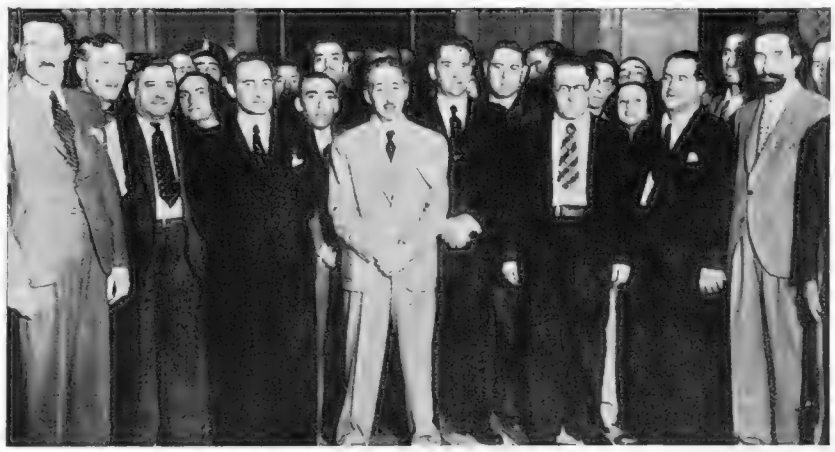
The Cathedral is closed, though said to be unharmed, and the unfinished Templo shows signs of the attempt to destroy it. Elsewhere some churches and other buildings have been damaged by fire but so far as one can see this wanton destruction must have been stopped before it reached any great lengths.

The plate glass windows of the shops have strips of yellow paper pasted over them in criss-cross designs to prevent their shattering under stress of bombing or shell fire. This is usual now in Spanish towns, but the bullet holes in the windows are peculiar to Barcelona and tell their tale of the internal strife which has rent the city.

Most things are obtainable in the shops at reasonable prices. At a large store I bought one of the last few pieces they had of Toledo ware. It was still priced at its value in the uninflated peseta and I am told that it will be long before more of this delicate workmanship is again on sale. The devastation of Toledo itself has assured that. A pigskin suitcase of sound make costs the equivalent of about 7s. 6d. Food was obtainable though it is rationed, and my Madrid friend noted, enviously, hams in a shop window.

The Ramblas are not noticeably changed, the cafés are crowded, beer is obtainable at all times, and even now one can dance. Yet in the Plaza del Catalunja the Hotel Colon carries above its old name the banner of the Socialist-Communist Youth. It is their headquarters and in the windows are sandbags. In Madrid too there are sandbags but they are for protection from the shells and bombs of the declared enemy. In Barcelona you still call "waiter" and you feel it necessary to pay attention to your dress.

The Generalitat, seat of the Catalan Government, has one of the most beautiful interiors I have ever seen. The carved and gilded ceiling, the wrought iron and the paved orange court are as pretty a picture of peace as you could wish, and President Lluis Companys, dignified and cultured, is admirably at home in such a setting. But as I looked I saw that the tower behind him had been pitted with bullet marks. As we left we passed through the courtyard full of cars and motor cycles of officials and the special police who guard the President. I shook hands with my guide and then remembered the clenched fist salute. "Salud" we said. One could not have forgotten in Madrid.



AN HONOURED GUEST: Señor Lluis Companys (centre in light suit), President of the Generalitat of Catalonia, with Señor Aguirre (left centre), the President of the Basque Government, who arrived in Barcelona some days ago and was accorded a big reception. Señor Aguirre, it will be remembered, recently fled from Santander just before its capture by Franco, landing safely in France

Barcelona is conscious that it is different from the rest of Spain, but the Government emphasise that the causes of friction with Valencia have been removed. It was at one time fairly acute, particularly over finance, and an official over the finance department of Catalonia wrote, apropos of the assumption by them of the functions and the funds of the Catalan branch of the Bank of Spain, that it "produced some expectation (tension?) and even reticences and coldness in the relations between the Government of the Republic and of the Generalitat." But that is said to be over now, and they point to 150,000 Catalan troops serving on the Aragon front and in Madrid, to the arms and money that they are supplying, and to the 1,000,000 or so refugees that they are housing and feeding.

Their troops are now under the High Command of the Republic and their factories are the chief suppliers of arms, munitions, and the other material of war. They have obtained all or most of the autonomy they desire to perpetuate when the rebellion is quelled and in the Government cause they see their only chance of retaining it.

From Franco they could expect nothing but a suspension of their separate constitution and a return to the repressive measures of earlier days. They have seen the Liberty Law of Catalonia mutilated and suspended by a government formed of the present rebels, and they believe that they can guess their future under General Franco from a reading of their past under General Anido.

Barcelona is the keystone of the supply system of the Government. If Catalan support were withdrawn, whether by defection or by a faction fight between the rival parties or trade unions, the cause of the Republic might well be crippled.

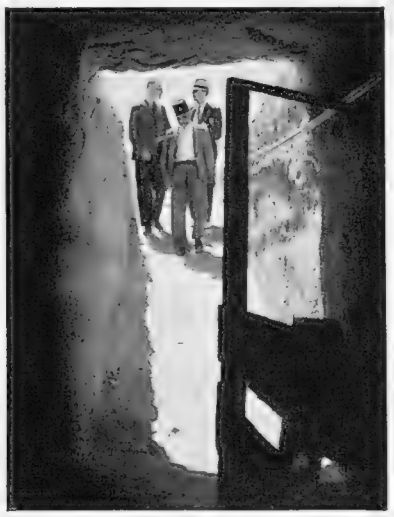
On my last day in Catalonia I bathed at Blanes, a little sea side village on the coast. We lunched and bathed with children on the beach as though we were safe in France. The car in which our party returned to the city had a radio, and it was tuned into the music programme from Barcelona. It stopped, and an air-raid warning was broadcast.

In the city that night no lights showed except the searchlights. We ate in the big hotel dining-room by the glimmer of little kerosene night-lights. Next morning we learned that the bombers who had come from Majorca had bombed a seaside townlet just beyond Blanes

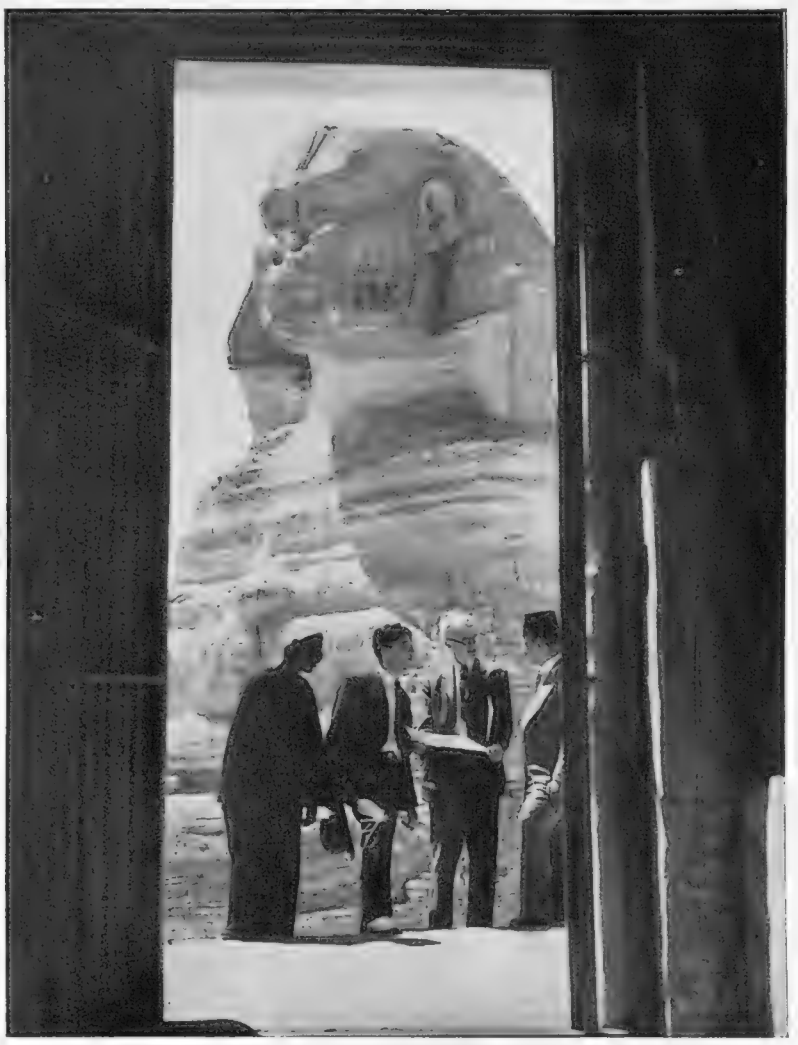
THE SOVIET TOUCH: The newly erected sign on the Refugio Lenin—the building in Valencia, capital of Governmental Spain, housing many of the refugees who fled from Malaga before its capture by Franco at an earlier stage in the civil war

Egypt's Sphinx Yields Up Its Age-old Secrets

PYRAMID CITY: These foundations, brought to light during the last season of work by Professor Selim Bey Hassan, of the Egyptian Antiquities Department, stand in the immediate vicinity of the second pyramid, and it has now been established that the people who lived in the houses were none other than the "handservants" of the Sphinx, that mighty figure carved in the likeness of the sun god Harmachis. Many other discoveries have also been made, a number of steles being dug from the sand providing undoubted evidence that the Sphinx was called Harmachis by the people of the Nile valley and Harna by the foreign settlers in Egypt. On another stele it is mentioned that the "kings of the new kingdom came as pilgrims to the pyramids in the same way as the common herd"



ANOTHER BIG FIND: Visitors being conducted round the tomb of Queen Wash-B-Tah, the wife of Chephren, builder of the second pyramid, who flourished twenty-nine centuries before the birth of Christ. Sand covers the floor and a queer odour of antiquity permeates the interior. It was discovered at the end of the summer



IN THE SHADOW OF THE SUN GOD: Professor Selim Bey Hassan (right), the Assistant Director-General of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, Cairo, explaining to Mr. Alan Rowe, the British Egyptologist, and Mr. Arthur Settel, the American correspondent, how he discovered the steles evidencing the names by which the Sphinx was called in ancient times. *On left*—The headquarters of the Antiquities Department situated near the second pyramid. A member of the staff has planted flowers outside and has succeeded in making them grow abundantly

PREPARING FOR THE

How the Chinese are Camouflaging Property in th

KEEPING A CHECK ON TRAVELLERS: A Chinese official scrutinising the identity papers of a new arrival in Nanking where the most elaborate precautions are being taken to eliminate espionage. The city has for several weeks past suffered a series of mass air raids by Japanese planes, and many buildings, erected since it became the seat of Government in 1928, have been damaged

CHANGING THE FACE OF THE "METROPOLITAN": Men at work on the facade of one of Nanking's best-known hotels, painting it a darker colour in order to render the place more difficult to spot from the air. This is being done on a host of buildings in the city, particularly the

MORE CAMOUFLAGE: Bridges in the vicinity of the capital are receiving special protection as the Japanese are anxious to bomb communications, thus effectively hampering vital troop and ammunition movements. The value of camouflaging is evidently proving very considerable under the stress of actual fighting conditions. The pace at which a bombing squadron travels does not allow of careful examination of detail and a big white building or a bridge becomes an irresistible attraction

"OH SAY CAN YOU SEE!" The stars and stripes adorning the roof of an American-owned car to warn Japanese airmen. This method of protection is proving fairly effective as the invaders wish for no repetition of the "incident" following the wounding of the British Ambassador

JAPANESE AIR RAIDERS

Nanking Area as a Protection Against Bombing Planes

numerous Government departments which, on account of their great size, provide comparatively easy marks for the invader. Some further pictures of Nanking, showing a few of its many monuments and buildings, will be found on pages 106 and 107 of this issue, together with an historical note

TAKING NO CHANCES: The driver of this steam-roller, working on the network of new roads converging on Nanking, camouflaged his engine with greenery. Raids on the city have been occurring almost daily, and on some days there have been as many as four visitations, the Japanese bombers, protected by light fighting craft, swooping down forty or fifty at a time

THIS HOUSE WAS ONCE GLISTENING WHITE, presenting an easy mark for Japanese bombers, but with its new coating of dark paint, it merges to a certain extent with the pattern of the surrounding ground. *On left*—Protective scaffolding in course of erection round the tomb of Sun Yat Sen, the great Chinese liberator; a magnificent monument which, if destroyed, would cause intense concern throughout the country

OFFICIALDOM IS WEATHERING THE STORM IN SCIENTIFIC DUG-OUTS which have been excavated on the outskirts of the city. When the air raid warnings are sounded, usually well in advance of the invaders' arrival, the workers in Government offices don their gas masks and rush to their neatly built hide-outs. They are well drilled and each man has a selected place to go to

THE ISLAND CAPITAL: The busy port of Palermo which will gain considerably in prosperity when the Duce brings to fruition his plan of re-militarisation and agricultural rehabilitation

SICILY: ISLE OF DESTINY

Where Mussolini Plans a Most Ambitious Programme of Militarisation and Reclamation, Making it the "Bridge Head" of Greater Italy

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"SICILY ought to, and shall become one of the most fertile countries on earth. Sicily is so well defended on the land, at sea, and in the air, that it would be a nameless folly for anyone to try to invade her. One of the happiest epochs in her 4,000 years of history now commences for her. From now onwards, the full energy of the State will be vigorously set to work in the interests of Sicily, which is the geographical centre of the Empire."

The three-cornered island, Trinacria of antiquity, certainly has a unique record for being invaded, yet the pastime seems to have stopped a good while ago, and the foreigner's first reaction to Mussolini's above statement, contained in his Palermo address, most probably was: *Who wants to invade Sicily?*

Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Normans, Spaniards, Germans, Angevin-French, Jews, and no doubt a few others, tried their luck at one time or another in Sicily, half-way island long coveted at once by Europe and Africa. The island teems with archæological remains bearing witness to these successive waves of alien occupation, of which the Greek and the Norman were the most brilliant and successful from the natives' point of view.

The record of Rome was not so good, if the history books are to be credited. After Rome beat the Carthaginians out of the island in 241, the conquerors set the population to work on the land, much as slaves. Sicily was for long the granary of Rome, but it was a hard, driving regime that stirred small affection in the Sicilian breast.

The Duce would now make amends for past Roman harshness—and failure. He went to Sicily, he said, not only to preside over the manœuvres, but to see what could be done to improve conditions. It is a full-stature dictator's job.

The very militarisation of Sicily, projected in order to sustain the island's role as bridge-head of the African Empire which it is fervently hoped may one day include Egypt and Tunis, this very militarisation is bound, of itself, to bring a distinct improvement of living conditions for the agricultural element, not less than 90 per cent. of the whole. One has but to reflect on what the exit of "the military" from Southern Ireland brought in its wake in the way of falling-off in trade and commerce and general spending to seize this aspect. Barely two small British divisions left Southern Ireland. Signor Mussolini evidently plans to introduce far more than that into Sicily, which is to be a bridge-head for all three Services. Here will be great naval and air bases in addition to heavily fortified zones in the hands of the army and militia.

Such a vast, composite garrisoning will require roads and aqueducts, harbours, and canals, food and, above all, *health*. Immense marshlands will have to be drained. Malaria fought. The soil will have to be made to yield infinitely more than heretofore. All this, aside from the new villages and schools that the Duce has promised to provide in profusion. The £8,000,000 which the Fascist Government spent on Sicilian development in the years 1925–1932, and not much more can have been earmarked since, in view of Ethiopian, Sanction, and rearming costs, will need to be multiplied many times over in the years immediately ahead if Sicily is really to be jacked up and placed on the same footing that the mainland enjoys.

At first sight, the thing might look impossible in view of the state of Italian finances. But that would be a short view, cognisant, as we are, of the weird and striking performances that can be achieved in the totalitarian lands where labour corps and the soldiery are freely put to work in circumstances that, in other latitudes, would evoke cries of "camouflaged serfdom."

Sicily is the most deceitful of islands. Long ago it earned the label, "a mixture of hades and paradise." Foreign visitors usually see only the latter. They seldom venture into the interior, but stick to the glorious coastline—Syracuse round to Girgenti, Marsala, Palermo, Milazzo, Messina, Catania. This was what I set out to do some years ago while (vainly) waiting for permission to visit the Lipari Islands of *confino*—where are located the political prisoners of the regime—and everything along the way was just beautiful. It was much advertised primavera, and almost the whole coastal country, save in the south, was one riot of lemons, oranges, figs, almonds, olives, and vines. The sextette seemed to reach up to a height of nearly 2,000 ft. behind one—for score upon score of miles so. In places, such as Taormina, the vegetation and the flowers seemed hardly to be of this earth. The people, too, seemed so content in their do-nothing existence. The wine ever flowing for a song. What a place to park!

We know what is liable to happen to Northerners who elect to park in such places. Norman Douglas has told us, immortally. Northerners have to be very strong-willed if they intend to get through.

It was when I took train at Girgenti, across the island, to Palermo, that the hades side of things became

ROUGH SICILIAN UPLAND which the Italian Government hopes to reclaim for cultivation. In the background is one of the wonderful relics of the Grecian occupation

apparent. The brooding Cévennes are gay compared with Sicily's savage solitude. From desolate wheat plateaux one ascended into forest land no less forlorn. But far worse were the sulphur mines, covering the neighbourhood in a yellow dust. Perched 2,000 ft. up in the centre of the island, the town of Caltanissetta is the hub of this sulphur hell, where semi-naked miners are yellow, where one's eyes and throat are irritated unbearably, where flies settle in layers.

Nor was I seeing the worst, by any means. It was April, and the uplands were still relatively fresh from their twenty odd inches of rain in the winter months. There were even little streams, occasional tiny cascades. But throughout the long summer about to begin, only a further two inches of rain would fall, and the whole of this already dust-laden interior would dry right up. A terrible sterility, a desperate, parched state for nigh half the year, under an African sun, and buzzing with the worst sort of mosquitos. That is the sort of Sicily Mussolini is going to take on,

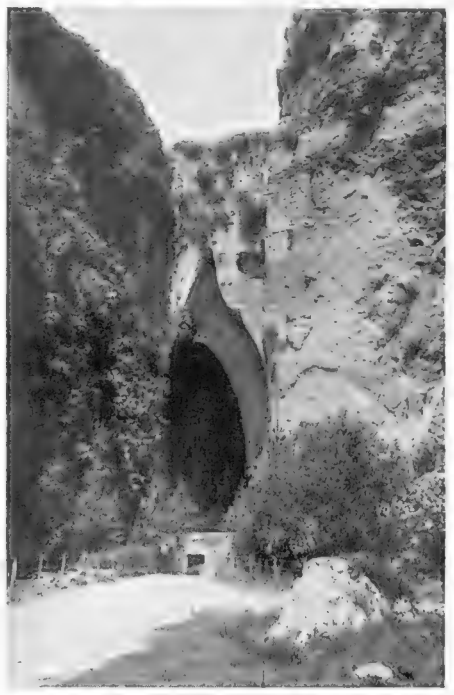
In one respect it will mean something of a social revolution. In their fifteen years of rule the Fascists claim to have accomplished two things locally—stamped out the Mafia (though *not* the beggars) and rebuilt earthquake ruin. It is an American joke that much of the Black Hand managed to get past Ellis Island before President Coolidge jammed down the anti-immigration law. As for the earthquake, I stayed in Messina, and really the place was much of a desolation still. Single-storeyed buildings only are allowed, and one fails to see how the tragic city can ever come back. I was told that 80,000 victims of Christmas, 1908, are buried above the town. What a companionship of living and dead! And how extraordinary that tens of thousands should insist on setting up "house" again on the cursed strip!

However, the principal social change that the Duce must effect is that relating to the latifondia or large estates owned by (mostly) absentee landlords and still being conducted much as in the Middle Ages. A great deal of the island's cultivatable soil is said to be in the hands of fewer than 1,000 proprietors who live away in Naples and Rome, even Paris,—though the Duce is insisting on more and more returning at least to Palermo. In these vast estates transport and irrigation problems must be tackled almost from the beginning up. The inhabitants haven't even got enough water to drink much of the year, a fact that was dramatically brought home to the Duce on his recent visit when a certain podesta thanked the great man for having accorded them "the blessing of water, which we needed even as bread."

The latifondia will have to be broken up and re-distributed to the peasantry. The transforming of the Bank of Sicily into a public credit institution, making advances for development, should lesson the agriculturists' difficulties, but it will be futile to expect results until vast tracts of soil have been rendered fertile by a highly laborious and costly system of canals, aqueducts, and roads. Up to now, the regime appears to have built, in the whole island, some 700 miles of chiefly secondary roads, tantamount only to nibbling at the problem.

Sicily covers just under 10,000 square miles, with a particularly dense (agricultural) population of nearly 4,500,000. While illiteracy is being reduced, it remains sky-high compared with Italy proper, while Sicily's public health is also a matter for concern. Malaria is rampant and other diseases gain a hold through general malnutrition. The horrible sirocco of the north coast also claims its toll. In fact, that "hades" element persistently keeps bobbing up. It is no place for cattle, which cannot get adequate grazing, and the sheep and goats are depressing specimens. The overworked peasants have to rely on beans and cheese as staples for long months at a time. Fortunately for them they have wine in strong abundance.

The Duce says he is going to make a great effort to develop and market the island's agricultural produce, yet one may well be forgiven for asking—where? these times of glut. Sicilian industries are a mere bagatelle, as yet. Marsala wine (largely developed by the English), citric acid, a budding tinned fruit and vegetable industry, the sulphur mines. On the other hand, the fishing industry is a big and prosperous one. Fifty thousand Sicilians fish for a living, one third of all Italy's fishermen. They also provide sponges and coral.



THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS, that strange grotto at Syracuse, so named not only because of its shape but on account of its remarkable acoustic peculiarities

Yet, on the whole, it is a tale of great and far-flung poverty among an island population that has been left sunk miserably in the past. For many decades, the U.S. migration provided a safety valve. When this lapsed Rome sought increased facilities for settling the low-breed Sicilians in Tunis. But the French had to call a halt here some years ago, when the Italian population in the Protectorate began to outnumber the French by almost two to one. When I was last in Tunis (1932) there were 55,000 French-born against over 100,000 Italian ditto.

To stroll in Tunis itself was to feel oneself almost in a Sicilian town, exception made of the Arabs. The Italianate idea has since become only more pronounced in all this area. Within sight of French Cap Bon, rears the rock of Pantelleria out of mid-Mediterranean — "the Duce's Malta." Another 40 or 50 miles, and one arrives at those vital ports of the near future, Trapani and Porto Empedocle, on the low, southern Sicilian shore.

(*Continued on page* 132)

NEWS *from the* U.S.

On left—

BOTTOM DROPS OUT OF A MIDDLE-WEST FARM: While Allie Foulk was drilling wheat in this field near Potwin, Kansas, the ground gradually began to tremble. After he had made his escape, it suddenly caved in, leaving a gigantic cavity 100 yards long, 80 yards wide, and of unknown depth. Geologists are of the opinion that the fall was caused by a limestone bed dissolving into a big underground stream

Below—

WINTER SPORT IN CALIFORNIA: Hans Schroll, former world ski-ing champion, demonstrating the potentialities of the salt hills at Newark, near San Francisco, as a ski-ing ground. Salt, he declares, is a first-class substitute for snow

CONQUEST OF HAPPINESS: Dr. Charles E. Sharp (left) with some of the pupils at his school for lonely people which he has established at Elgin Illinois, and is meeting with extraordinary success. Most members of his class are over sixty-five years of age and the oldest is in the nineties

TROUBLE AT ALCATRAZ: This island prison off the Californian coast was recently the scene of a sit-down strike by 100 convicts. They were angered by the allegedly extreme harsh discipline, and the strike followed immediately after the attack by one of their number on a warder whom he struck from behind with a clenched fist, injuring him severely

NEW YORK'S GREAT SLUM CLEARANCE EFFORT: An aerial impression of the new tenement buildings which have been erected with the help of a £2,600,000 Government grant and are now ready for occupation. The development, which will provide homes for 1,600 families, replaces twelve blocks of old buildings in the Brooklyn area, and is the most ambitious plan of re-housing ever brought to completion in the States

DALY'S *in the* PALMY DAYS

Memories of the Last of Leicester Square's Theatres which, Following the Fashion, Is Now Being Converted Into a Cinema

Told by ARTHUR WOOD

(Formerly Permanent Conductor at Daly's)

THE LAST PHASE: Daly's, in Edwardian days the home of musical comedy, as it appeared shortly before the breaking-up squad got to work on its familiar façade. With its passing Leicester Square loses the last of its theatres

THEY have rung down the curtain at Daly's for the last time, and Leicester Square, once the centre of London's theatreland, has lost its last theatre. Soon a glittering super cinema will arise on the site of the drab red-brick building, more imposing, more lavish, more comfortable than Daly's ever was, yet lacking something Daly's had to a remarkable degree. Call it personality.

Age, I suppose, must give way to progress as gracefully as it knows how; but we old 'uns must be permitted the luxury of our regrets. To us the passing of Daly's is more than just the end of a famous theatre.

A week before he died Sir Edward German said; "You and I, Wood, lived in the palmy days of the theatre." Daly's is the last link with those palmy days. Its closing marks the end of a theatrical epoch.

Nothing fades more swiftly than fame, and perhaps it is difficult to realise now that time was when Daly's rivalled Covent Garden in importance. Yet in its heyday, there was no higher ambition for composers of light music, whatever their nationality, than to have a show produced at Daly's, and its orchestra was acknowledged the best theatre orchestra in the world.

Daly's history is thicker with illustrious names than the B.B.C. with Oxford accents. I put them down as I remember them —José Collins, Joe Coyne, Sydney Jones, Franz Lehar, Hayden Coffin, Marie Tempest, George Graves, and George Edwardes.

George Edwardes has become a theatrical legend, and if he originated one-half of the stories that are told about him, he can have had time for very little else. My favourite concerns the first night of Robert Courtneidge's production of *The Arcadians*, a show that was destined to run three years. I conducted it—but that is by the way.

The rivalry between Edwardes and Courtneidge is well known, and I can still see Edwardes clapping with tremendous enthusiasm at the end of the show and whispering to Malone in a mournful voice, "I'm afraid he's got a success!"

I first met Edwardes personally when he sent for me to conduct *Veronique*. That must have been in 1904. From then on I saw a lot of him, but on no other occasion did he remember my name.

I don't believe Edwardes ever remembered anybody's name. He made a habit of not doing so. Quite important people in his productions would come along to ask for an increase in salary, or something of the sort. He would welcome them in the grand manner, give them a chair, give them a cigar, and talk at them. And as he talked they would realise that, apparently, he had not the slightest idea who they were. If their self-confidence was proof against such tactics maybe they got what they wanted.

Edwardes never saw the end of his greatest success. He died when the *Maid of the Mountains* was playing to capacity, and his place at the head of Daly's was taken by Jimmy White.

The stories about Jimmy White's career are as varied, and very nearly as fantastic, as the *Arabian Nights*, and the strange thing is that most of them are true. But the commonest, that he was illiterate, is all wrong. He never lost his Lancashire accent (I think he went out of his way to cultivate it) but at the same time he was one of the most widely read men I have ever met.

If any author is looking for a first-class subject for a biography, I hereby hand him, free and for nothing, Mr. James White. He started life as a bricklayer in Rochdale, saved some money with it and bought—of all things—a quarter share in a circus. Having sold that out at a profit, he bought and sold cotton mills, and within a remarkably short space of time he was a millionaire. Then he took over Daly's, and I moved in with him.

I had been there before, but now I was resident conductor.

WHEN "THE MERRY WIDOW" WAS REVIVED IN 1923 George Graves played Baron Popoff and Evelyn Laye (do you recognise her?) made a charming Sonia; her first big part. The revival ran 239 times as compared with the 778 of the original production

Our first show was *The Lady of the Rose* with two old friends of mine in the cast. One was a young man who had played his first important part in *The Arcadians*, Harry Welchman. The other, now my leading lady, I had watched casting spells over her audiences in *The Dairymaids* twenty years before. At that time she had two fat pigtails down her back. Her name was Phyllis Dare.

The Lady of the Rose ran for nearly a year. When it came off we followed it with a revival of *The Merry Widow* and once again I had the pleasure of working with an actress I had watched climb up to stardom. The beginnings of this story are right back in the days of *My Lady Molly*, the first show I ever conducted in London. We were at Terry's Theatre, which occupied the site in the Strand where Woolworth's now stands. The stage manager was Gilbert Laye, and one afternoon, between the matinee and the evening performance, he brought his daughter to show me.

I can remember nursing a rather ugly baby in long clothes, and I can remember that she cried throughout the visit. That I'm afraid, is the sum total of my recollections of that afternoon.

My next acquaintance with the young lady took place in the very unromantic surroundings of the Adelphi stage during the day. The scenery was turned face to the wall, the stalls were covered with dust sheets, and one dim electric bulb cast a doubtful radiance over the fore-stage.

In this island of light stood Alfred Butt, Lionel Monckton, and myself discussing—I can't remember. It doesn't matter, anyhow. As we talked we became aware that a girl was watching us from the wings. "See what she wants," growled Butt.

"She says she's got an appointment with you," I reported. "She wants an audition."

Butt said vaguely that he didn't remember anything about it, and I've always been doubtful whether she really had an appointment or vamped the stage door-keeper into letting her through and took a chance. I must remember to ask her.

She sang one or two songs and waited for Butt's decision. "Well, what do you want?" he asked her. "I want to come to the Gaiety," she replied. "What are you doing now?" "Playing melodrama at the Elephant and Castle."

"And how much money do you expect?" Without batting an eyelid she replied "£20 a week!"

I'm afraid we laughed at her. "My dear young lady," Butt said. "You've just told me you're playing at the Elephant and Castle. I'm quite sure they're not paying you more than five." "I feel" said the girl, "that if I'm not worth twenty, I'm not worth anything."

She had the advantage of us. What could three susceptible men do against one extremely beautiful girl? She got her twenty!

So Evelyn Laye came to the Gaiety for *The Beauty Spot*. At the bottom of the cast sheet were the names: "Miss Evelyn Laye; Miss Binnie Hale to understudy."

And now, in *The Merry Widow*, she got her chance—and took it with both hands. She was an instant success, and she deserved every bit of it. Even after her success was assured, she never stopped working to make herself better. One of my most vivid memories of that show is having my rest between matinees and evening performances shattered by Evelyn singing grand opera in the next dressing-room.

Hers was not the only success-story of *The Merry Widow*. There was also in the cast a young Dane by the name of Carl Brisson. When we opened, he couldn't speak two sentences of English, and he had to learn his part parrot-fashion. Yet he put it over with such a *tour de force* of personality that he got away with it.

It may seem a strange thing to anyone not connected with the theatre, but up to this time I had never been backstage at Daly's while the curtain was up. You must remember that the conductor's place is in the orchestra pit, and if he does his job properly he stays there. The running of the show from the other side of the footlights is often a mystery to him.

During *Madame Pompadour*, the piece with which we followed *The Merry Widow*, I did go behind, however. In the middle of the show I was handed a note telling me that Mr. White wanted to see me urgently, and so I handed over the direction of the orchestra to my deputy and dived through the bolt hole under the stage.

As I reached the stage level someone said; "Can't stop, old man. Cue in a moment," and I caught a glimpse of Huntley Wright hurrying towards the wings. After him sped his dresser, a powder puff in one hand, and the inevitable glass of port in the other.

They used to say that you could tell exactly where the play had got to by the amount of port left in Huntley Wright's glass. He invariably started the evening with it full, and moistened his lips before each entrance. After the piece had been running for a week or so, he got it timed so well that he finished the last drop a moment before his last cue.

I went on to White's office, wondering what could be urgent enough to justify calling for me just before the first act finale, to find him with his feet on his desk. "Arthur," he said "if you want to make a bit of money, back all my horses this week." I backed the horses, but it was the bookies who made the money.

Jimmy was never really happy unless he was surrounded by people, and he must have spent thousands on entertaining his friends. On one momentous occasion he accidentally invited the whole Daly's company and his touring company down to his house near Swindon for the same week-end, and had to hire a special train to get them back to town in time for their shows.

THE HOUSEBREAKERS GET BUSY: Removing a mantel-piece during the early stages of the demolition of Daly's, now in full swing

And now I come to *Cleopatra* which is a painful subject to me since it was a flop—actually the first Daly's had had in more than twenty years. I believe I have a reputation in the profession for being lucky where runs are concerned. Certainly I've had some long ones. But this time my luck was dead out.

We were due to open at the Opera House, Manchester, and a week before

(*Continued on page* 116)

VENDANGE

The Harvest of the Vineyards in Burgundy, Champagne, and Northern Italy

IN THE HEART OF THE CHAMPAGNE COUNTRY: Grapes growing in a favoured spot on the lower slopes of the chalk hills in this richly-endowed region where the harvest has been in full swing during the past few weeks of autumn. Last year the vines were not so well matured as they should have been owing to indifferent late summer weather, but conditions this season are said to represent a distinct improvement

CHAMPAGNE IN EMBRYO: A picturesquely clad picker at work in one of the vineyards round Epernay. This girl is probably the daughter of the peasant proprietor who runs the vineyard and sells the must to one or other of the great exporting firms which blend the wines

Drawn by Percy Home

A VINEYARD IN BURGUNDY: The vines, now reached maturity, fill the eye as row upon row they extend across the landscape. A scene in the Auxerre-Vermenton district from the neighbourhood of which so many wonderful white and red wines come, such as Chablis, Pouilly, Beaune, Chambertin, and Pommard

MILAN CELEBRATES: Decorating a monster barrel for the great wine carnival that takes place in this city after the harvest of the vineyards. 1937 has been an exceptional season and some really excellent wines are anticipated

VINTAGE FESTIVAL AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION: Hungarian peasants parading past the Hungarian Pavilion in national costume and carrying immense bunches of grapes. These are the type from which they make those Tokays with their rich bouquet

C

LLOYD'S OF LONDON

The World Centre of Insurance—Marine and Otherwise—which Deals in Such Immense Sums and Guards its Secrets so Closely Receives a Visit

From CHARLES GRAVES

WHEN I suggested to the Editor of THE SPHERE that I should write an article about Lloyd's I thought that it would be a simple matter. It seemed easy to ask my various friends who are members of Lloyd's what it costs to become a member, what securities you have to set aside as a personal guarantee of your ability to pay losses, what is the difference between being an underwriter, an agent, a substitute, and a deputy, what you pay annually for the specialised information you receive as a member about departures and arrivals of ships, and what the civil war in Spain and the Japan–China struggle were costing.

In my enthusiasm I also thought it would be easy to find out the biggest "lines" ever written by individual underwriters, the number of members of Lloyd's, as well as the names of the big syndicates. I have never been so baffled in my life. I drank cocktails at the Savoy bar with four members of Lloyd's, lunched with another, and played squash racquets with a sixth. Each of them threw up a smoke cloud.

Members of Lloyd's, I discovered, dislike and even resent any publicity about their financial affairs. It makes one suppose that they are doing better than it is desirable for the public to presume. It was therefore, with the greatest difficulty that I extricated the figure of something between £25,000,000 and £40,000,000 for which Lloyd's as a whole has rendered itself liable in Spain. Policies which were taken out on January 1, 1936 (four months before the civil war began) have become distinctly vexatious to certain syndicates.

It is almost impossible for assessors to approach the actual places where the alleged losses and damage have been sustained. Those policies, which included "war, riots, and civil commotion" do not necessarily render the underwriters open to claims in connection with civil war. It is surely arguable that when Germans, Russians, Italians, Frenchmen and others are fighting on different sides, the situation has ceased to be a civil commotion; and yet—belligerent rights not having been recognised by the Powers—it is not a war. And yet, again, it is long past being a riot.

Taking the matter a step further, how can the underwriters at Lloyd's know whether any particular house, homestead, factory, or other property of an agreed value has not been burnt or otherwise destroyed by the owner thereof with deliberate intent to defraud? In the case of international companies—I had better mention no names—which have or had factories or warehouses full of their products in Spain, the position may be different from the property of individuals when and if claims are made. One thing is certain numbers of law cases are bound to be fought over Spanish policies.

It was, however, some months ago that an agreement between the insurance companies and the underwriters at Lloyd's forbade the acceptance of any war risks except those in the United States and Canada. As a result of this, the trouble in China is not causing members of Lloyd's any particular anxiety, Lloyd's being pretty clear of liabilities over there. Foreign claims, indeed, are fewer than you might expect. For though France insures heavily with Lloyd's, the laws of Germany and Italy prevent outside insurance, the latter being duly regarded as a form of invisible import.

IN THE "ROOM": A scene of activity at Lloyd's where every day immense insurance deals are put through. At the moment members are liable for a sum of at least £25,000,000 in Spain alone

But come with me to Lloyd's. While waiting for the member who was going to show us round we take our seat on a leather-covered bench on the edge of the Room itself. As we light cigarettes to pass the time we hear a mellow voice rising and falling over the hustle and bustle like a canon ceaselessly intoning in a cathedral, his voice rising at the end of each phrase. What he says is as unintelligible to us as low Latin to an Irish ploughboy.

We go on waiting. "Waiters" in scarlet with brown fur collars and tall, gold-braided, silk hats appear and disappear. Messenger-boys sit down on the bench opposite us. Important-looking young men, walking on their heels, hurry in and out of the Room. By craning our necks we can see a number of marble pillars and a coloured panel in the roof of the Room. Members in soft, black hats, hatless, in bowler hats, walk around cracking the jokes which used to originate in the Stock Exchange, and which now, since the temporary slump, have their birthplace in the Room.

At last our particular member arrives and shews us round. We see the Caller ensconced under the Lutine bell and surrounded by carved wooden pillars designed like a tiny temple. His voice goes on rising and falling as we walk around and we are told that he is really calling out the names of brokers and other members who are wanted. The floor space is covered with what are technically known as "boxes". Each box contains six men, most of them scribbling furiously, while half a dozen others look over their shoulders. The scribblers are the underwriters. The men looking over their shoulders are the brokers, in other words, the agents, who are offering them risks at a price to be mutually agreed upon.

On distant walls are telegrams announcing the very latest news of arrivals and departures of ships the whereabouts of which are attracting attention temporarily. Elsewhere there is a huge book like a Bible in which the latest news of vessels sunk, on fire, or ashore are recorded. There will be anything from one to half a dozen of these per day. Elsewhere again are the latest filing systems giving red, black, and blue hieroglyphics of the arrivals, sailings, speakings, and paragraphs of all the ships in the world except men-o'-war. Beneath the Caller is a staircase leading to lavatories, telephone boxes, and a snack bar.

Meantime, our member is most anxious that we do not produce notebooks or shew any sign of intelligent layman interest in our surroundings. It is therefore not until we leave the Room that we are able to ask pertinent questions and put down the answers to them. How many members are there of Lloyd's? we asked. Our member, who is joined by another, promptly has a bet of a fiver that there are more than 1,000 members. His friend accepts the wager eagerly.

What does it cost to be a member and how does one set about it? That is our next question. Apparently the answer is that, having secured six existing members of Lloyd's to propose your name, the Committee of Lloyd's decides on your desirability or otherwise. In any event you must be able to produce £7,500 worth of approved securities. You must also be able to furnish anything from £1,000 to £4,000 worth of other securities for what is known as the Premium Trust Fund, the average being £3,000. You may have as much as £100,000 at the back of you and may yet fail to be elected. On the other hand, you may have £10,000 and be approved. If you are there is an entrance fee of £250.

The £7,500 can be kissed goodbye until two or three years after your death. But in the meantime you collect the dividends from it and you are a member now, in other words, a Name. Automatically you employ an agent to arrange for an underwriter (who is on salary and commission) to underwrite on your behalf. There are 120 of these experts or near experts. They collect the premiums on your behalf and then pay out the claims, also on your behalf, naturally taking a suitable commission for their expert co-operation.

Presumably, of course, you are not on your own. In other words you have joined a syndicate which may have anything from 20 to 180 Names like your own. That is if it is a non-marine syndicate which you have joined as opposed to a marine syndicate, very few of which have anything like that number of Names. There is, it is true, a member of Lloyd's who does all his own underwriting by himself. And I am told it is a profitable business. He deals

THE CALLER RINGS THE LUTINE BELL AT LLOYD'S before making an announcement regarding the fate of an overdue vessel. Only the other day he gave tidings regarding the sighting of *Endeavour I*

with risks that involve such small amounts that the big fellows cannot be bothered with them, and he is therefore able to charge premiums slightly over the normal.

Of the big non-marine syndicates, however, there are at least five leading concerns which take in premiums anything over £500,000 a year and pay relatively anything over £400,000 a year. This leaves, as you observe, a percentage in excess of the usual commercial undertaking, and is probably the reason why members of Lloyd's do not like too much limelight. For there is little doubt that membership of Lloyd's provides the world's best investment for those lucky enough to be approved. It must be remembered, however, that there is unlimited liability. Your house and all its contents can be sold up to pay the claims on you.

Since writing the above I have spoken to yet another member of Lloyd's. He was much more helpful. He told me that there are 349 syndicates and no fewer than 1,700 Names. The biggest underwriters are Messrs. Drysdale and Heath, followed by Messrs. Poland, Aubrey, Glenvill, Polbrook, and Cleland. The biggest brokers, I gather, are Leslie and Godwin, C. T. Bowring, C. E. Heath (again), Sedgwick, Collins, Willis Faber, and Bevington, Vaizey, and Foster. He told me that every Name can expect to make at least a thousand a year, though this fact was afterwards hotly contested by yet another member of Lloyd's. If the figure is right it means that a profit of nearly £1,750,000 is taken out of insurance by the underwriters each year.

This informant also explained to me the difference between a Name, a substitute, and a deputy. A Name is an underwriting member; a substitute is somebody authorised by the underwriting member to write risks for him—in other words, a sort of opposite number to the blue button or authorised clerk on the Stock Exchange; a deputy is merely a deputy underwriting member.

To-day new members belong to two syndicates—a marine syndicate and a non-marine syndicate. You can, however, belong to three, though this is rare, and would probably involve being a Name on a motor insurance syndicate. The Committee of Lloyd's, he also told me, consists of a chairman, a deputy chairman, and ten members. It is this Committee which runs Lloyd's, and therefore differentiates it from the Tariff Companies whose rates are fixed by their constitution. I gather, further, that though non-marine insurance is a comparatively new feature of Lloyd's—and, indeed, its chief pioneer, Mr. Cuthbert Heath, is very much alive—to-day it more than equals the marine insurance business.

You can, of course, insure anything at Lloyd's except life. And even in the case of life you can insure it against accidents over a period of twelve months. I know a man who took out a policy at Lloyd's against dying of small-pox. I think the premium was 2s. 6d. for £1,000. It may have been even smaller. Since the Budget trouble, of course, rules are much more stringent now in that particular line of country.

A final point—Lloyd's must be one of the few concerns where your accounts are nearly always three years behind. This is inevitable in view of the necessity of assessing the exact claims, and it is nice to know that since the war there have been only two failures, even these being liquidated by the other members of Lloyd's.

Liverpool's Two Mighty Cathedrals

IT MAY BE FINISHED IN THE 1950s: Liverpool's Anglican Cathedral, in the modern Gothic style, which was begun in 1904 and when completed in fifteen years or so will have cost about £2.000,000. Strangely enough it is the work of a Roman Catholic, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, while the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is being built nearby, is the design of a Protestant, Sir Edwin Lutyens. So far the east portion of the Anglican minster, with choir and transepts, is complete and progress is now being made with the tower and the central space beneath. At present 220 men are employed there. More than £1,000,000 has already been spent

ABOUT 2,000,000 BRICKS HAVE UP TO NOW BEEN SET in building the crypt walls of Liverpool's Roman Catholic Cathedral, work on which was begun in 1933 and may not be finished for a century more. It stands on the same ridge overlooking the city as the Anglican minster and will be the largest cathedral in the world, surpassing even St. Peter's, Rome. Sir Edwin Lutyens, the architect in charge of this monumental task, aptly describes the style as "Wrenaissance"

REPAIRING THE RAVAGES OF TIME: Men at work on the task of cleaning and strengthening the turrets and pinnacles of the Bell Harry Tower of Canterbury Cathedral. This is just one aspect of the constant and careful renovation work necessary to keep the great shrine in a fit and proper state of repair

THE ALTAR OF THE SEVEN DOLOURS in the Lady Chapel of Liverpool Roman Catholic Cathedral being inspected by Dr. Richard Downey, the Archbishop

THE MAN AND THE WORK: *Left*—Dr. Downey, Archbishop of Liverpool, who is taking such a close interest in the work of building the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a project that is still in its infancy but is making remarkable progress. *Right*—The South Crypt Court is one of the few completed portions of the new Cathedral

OLD TUNBRIDGE WELLS: The Pantiles, scene of the proposed demolition work

THE PANTILES:

Tunbridge Wells to Lose Old-World Buildings on its Famed Promenade

THE proposed demolition of four old shops on the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells has reawakened a considerable amount of interest in this old-world part of the town, once the centre of attraction and the rendezvous of some of England's best-known notabilities.

It has been found impossible to recondition the four cottages, estimated to be 300 years old, and the proposal is to erect new buildings in keeping with the character of the place.

Since the seventeenth century the Tunbridge Wells Pantiles has been one of the most fashionable parades in the country, for was it not here that Dudley, Lord North, discovered the medicinal spring which gave him back his health?

Early records tell of how this distinguished nobleman of King James' Court entered into "all the gallantries of the times" and how he retired to Eridge House, a hunting seat of Lord Abergavenny, to recover his health. But he found his retreat dismally dull after a time and determined to return to London. Then it was, while on his way, that he came across the spring concealed in a wood through which his road passed.

It was not until the year 1630, however, that the springs really became popular for there were no dwelling-houses near them and no accommodation for invalids. In that year Royalty first visited the place in the person of Queen Henrietta Maria, the beautiful but ill-starred consort of the first Charles, on the advice of her physicians. As time went on, cottages were erected on the commons and houses began to spring up nearby. A green bank, the site of the present Pantiles, was raised and levelled to serve the purpose of a promenade, and the surroundings of the springs were improved.

Then the story is told of how, in 1698, Princess Anne, later to become Queen, paid a visit with her son, the young Duke of Gloucester. He fell heavily on one of the walks made slippery through rain, and this prompted her to donate £100 for the paving of the promenade. Yet when this Royal visitor once again went to the Pantiles she discovered that the paving had not been carried out and so incensed was she that she refused to visit the town again.

The original houses and shops were destroyed by fire in 1687 but in succeeding years they were rebuilt and have changed little from that time. In 1700 the Upper Walk was paved with square tiles and twelve of these original paving stones can still be seen at the bottom of the steps near the springs. It was then that the present name of the Pantiles came into being.

Thirty-five years later Beau Nash, Master of Ceremonies at Bath, came to reign at Tun Wells and his sway was despotic. He acquired a vast ascendancy over the world of fashion, his mandates were issued with a kingly authority.

The Pantiles still exists as a pleasant promenade although there is not the gaiety to-day which existed in the celebrated Beau's time. The old musicians' gallery is still to be seen attached to one of the old shops, but a more modern erection on the Upper Walk itself is now used for band concerts. Yet the Pantiles is not to be thought of as essentially a very gay place. There were facilities for very serious thinking and it has been the home of the Tunbridge Wells Literary Society for over 100 years. Unfortunately this organisation is on the point of disbanding through lack of support.

The original name of the Society was the Tun Wells Society for the Cultivation of Literature and Science but its name has been modified in the course of years, although the premises in which the Society is at the present time are those in which it started. A hundred years ago the building was occupied by W. Nash, a member of the famous family. Besides being the postmaster of the town he had a reading room and sold books, acquiring for himself a reputation as "an irascible old gentleman." The Society rented two rooms from him and during its history many prominent people have been connected with it.

A stroll along the Pantiles to-day brings to mind the names of many well-known personages who trod the walks many years ago and the shady avenue of limes with the unconventional architecture of the buildings appeals to the sense of beauty which is inherent in all.

H. V. Hooker

Camera study by Gascoigne Lynde

CORNISH GEM: Fishing boats congregated in Mousehole harbour near Penzance

MOUSEHOLE:

The Threat to the Fishermen's Cottages is Sternly Resisted

THE Penzance Council are threatening with demolition parts of Mousehole and Newlyn under a "clearance scheme." If this is carried out, and the fishermen's cottages are replaced by modern Council houses some distance from the sea, England will lose two of her loveliest fishing villages, for with the destruction of the picturesque tortuous streets and ancient cottages will go the old-world charm of these artists' Meccas. Strong opposition is being organised to the scheme, and many prominent artists and others who have the interests of the district at heart are supporting the protests of the fishermen who fear that their forcible removal to more costly and much less convenient quarters will spell their ruin.

Said to be "as perfect a little fishing village as is to be found on the English coast," Mousehole—"Mouzle" to those who know it—lies in the hollow of a hillside 4 miles beyond Penzance. Excepting her neighbour, Porthleven, Mousehole is the southernmost town in England. With its quaint, unexpected corners, narrow turnings, and its atmosphere of peace, it might claim kinship with the colourful fishing villages of Italy. The houses are mostly built of granite from the local quarries, and one of its peculiarities is that the older houses have an outside stone staircase to the dwelling-rooms, the ground floor being used for the storage of fishing gear—for Mousehole's livelihood is on the sea.

The small harbour, enclosed by two granite arms, is a picture. Here lie at their moorings many bright-hued fishing boats casting their reflections of blue, red, green, and brown on the still water, undisturbed except when some craft is on the move. Cottages with green-shuttered windows overhang the harbour and the big hillside makes a fitting background. On the breakwater, fishermen mend and overhaul their nets, industriously but without hurry.

A boat comes in from her fishing. She has spent the night at sea, and as she enters the harbour through the narrow entrance, motor-driven as all the local boats are, the gay reflections break into myriad ripples, and their work done, her crew make for their cottages hidden in the winding lanes which make up Mousehole. Earlier they have landed their catch at the Newlyn fish market, two miles nearer Penzance, where are gathered many fishing vessels—steam drifters from far Lerwick, Fleetwood, Lowestoft; great Brixham trawlers with their lofty brown sails, the most beautiful fishing craft round our coasts; motor fishing boats from many ports; sometimes picturesque vessels from Brittany, their crews beret-capped.

It is not difficult to believe that the old part of Mousehole has scarcely altered since 1595, when 200 Spanish soldiers came in their galleons and sacked and burnt Mousehole, Newlyn, and Penzance, carrying off as their spoil the fairest—and a good many more—of their maidens.

In winter it is a very different picture. Wild seas sweep over the breakwaters, throwing a hundred feet in the air masses of spray and spume which even reach the houses high on the hillside. Many of the fishing-boats are all-weather craft which go out to sea in the winter gales with mountainous waves raging round the coast, a terribly treacherous one in bad weather. The Mousehole lifeboat has a fine record of rescues under conditions that the summer visitor cannot realise.

They are deeply religious, these Cornish fisherfolk, and it is a strict law that on the Sabbath no vessel shall leave harbour. Their recreations are few, for their leisure is scant, but they will turn out in force for a wrestling match; the Cornish wrestler wears a loose linen jacket, and it is no uncommon happening for a victor to throw his opponent clean over his back. If they lack anything in wrestling technique they amply make up in keenness.

Evening sees Mousehole at its best, for across the still harbour rises a blue haze of smoke as in every dwelling the wives prepare the evening meal. Bright colours fade as lamps are lit in the cottage windows, their twinkling reflections dancing on the inflowing tide. The boats wake to life once more, the chugging of their motors dies down in the distance as one by one they creep out for another night's work.

No, it is not possible to imagine these same men living in modern Council houses up on a hill-side—they belong to the harbour.

Gascoigne Lynde

CHANGE *by the* UNCHANGING SEA : *A Cornish Comparison*

MOUSEHOLE OLD STYLE

Picturesque houses in Mousehole, the Cornish fishing village which, together with neighbouring Newlyn, is at the moment the centre of controversy following Penzance Council's proposal to demolish many of the dwellings under a "slum clearance scheme" and move the fishermen to council houses farther up the hill where lack of facilities for storing nets and the distance from the harbour would cause grave inconvenience. Many noted people are championing the fishermen's cause

NEWLYN NEW STYLE

"Fair exchange is no robbery," glibly runs the proverb, but are these council houses built above Newlyn a fair exchange? ask many of the fishermen whose present dwellings are threatened with demolition. Professor Adshead, Emeritus Professor of Town Planning at London University, who has been investigating the question, sees no need for such drastic measures and says that re-conditioning of the old houses would meet the case

BIRTH *of a* TOWN

The New Settlement of Darom Rises in the Palestinian Desert Country South of Mikveh

THE STREET IS READY but the shops and houses have yet to be built in this quarter of the new settlement of Darom in the Palestinian desert country south of Mikveh. Here an enterprising population has set to work and is slowly but surely conquering the surrounding sandy waste, bringing large tracts of it into cultivation. Before very long Darom may well become a thriving market town

DAROM'S FIRST APARTMENT HOUSE: A modernistic concrete building in the new settlement which as month succeeds month steadily grows in size and population as the hard-working agricultural community gains in prosperity

BARRIER AGAINST NATURE'S INROADS: Bricks neatly piled along the site of a new wall that is to be built right round the workers' quarter of Darom in order to protect gardens from the ever-shifting sands. Only in this way will it be possible to bring the plots into cultivation and maintain them. The community is having a hard fight to keep going, but it seems certain that ultimately it will win through

LOOKING AHEAD: Traffic signs in the well-paved main street are further evidence of the careful planning that is going to the making of Darom. The people have evidently learnt a lesson from the faults of the West and believe that it is far better that proper roads should come first

THE FIRST FACTORY at Darom is the printing office of the Palestine Publishing Company. At the moment it is in a waste of sand, but in years to come it is possible that a host of other buildings will have risen in the immediate vicinity, giving employment to a vast and prosperous population

DAROM ALREADY HAS A BUS SERVICE, providing its only link as yet with the outside world. The netting over the windows affords protection in case of racial troubles

SOURCE OF ALL LIFE: The concrete water tower that gives the desert settlement its much-needed supplies for domestic and agricultural use. Immense quantities are needed regularly in order to bring the land into cultivation

LIFE IN THE SYRIAN LEVANT

BY THE BANKS OF THE ORONTES: This giant wheel pump at Hama, built by Persian craftsmen many generations ago, draws the river water to a higher level, thus enabling it to be distributed to various parts of the town for irrigating the gardens. Hama, the home of a proud and somewhat fanatical people, lies to the north of Damascus and is a big centre of commerce in the States of the Levant which have so recently won their way to freedom with the discontinuance of the French mandate. The place has had many ups and downs of fortune, having passed successively under the Assyrians, the Muslims, the Crusaders, the Turks, and Saladin. In the twelfth century it was largely destroyed by an earthquake

CHANGING TIMES: Once the Arabs drew their water from the Orontes in the familiar jug known as the "tanake", but one of these women, it will be noted, uses a petrol can for the purpose. The bridge in the background has mellowed beautifully with time

DAMASCUS STREET SCENE: Beduins slaking their thirst in the market place of this Syrian town that has seen so much of history and yet remains so little changed with the passage of the centuries

NANKING: CHINA'S MUCH-

GUARDING THE OLD IMPERIAL ROAD: One of the life-size figures of elephants which adorn either side of the route from Nanking's main gateway to the burial mound at the foot of Purple Mountain where lies the Ming dynasty's founder, the great Hung Wu

RESTING PLACE OF A LIBERATOR: In t
outside the walls of Nanking lie theren
that overthrew the reactionaries, sta
progressive government of the southern

BASE ARE THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT: One of the stone elephants, in the avenue leading to the Ming tombs, shamefully plastered with Chinese posters proclaiming the merits of pills and potions. These great figures have stood intact for more than five centuries

THE MINISTRY OF COMMUNICATIONS: T
in Nanking since it became the capita
exterior is in modified Chinese style.

INDUSTRIAL NANKING: The International E
civil strife and are now in danger of
city walls which meander through the c

NANKING, which of recent weeks has been raided so repeatedly by Japanese bombing planes, sometimes enduring a "reign of terror" several times a day, seems destined to suffer for its political eminence. It has, since the third century, been pillaged and destroyed dozens of times. Of the splendid palaces that were from time to time erected on its hills none has remained for our generation to see. The last emperor who reigned there was Hung Wu, founder of the Ming dynasty in 1368. Besides the city wall, all that is left now of his glory is a large burial mound at the foot of Purple Mountain and a double row of life size stone animals and mandarins guarding the old Imperial road from the city gate to the tomb. Some few traces of the Manchu regime (1644–1911) remain in the southern part of the city, notably the ruins of the Examination Halls where students were locked into cells to write essays on the classics as a test for civil service. The survivors of this examination became the governors of provinces, the prefects, and the mayors, giving China a government by scholars.

Since the Republic made Nanking its capital in 1927, wide macadam roads have been laid from north to south and east to west across the city. A memorial to Dr. Sun Yat Sen, large and white on the side of Purple Mountain, distracts the eye from the

(*Continued on page* 116)

Raided Capital

h this magnificent tomb on the slopes of Purple Mountain not far remains of Sun Yat Sen, the man who led China in the revolution establishing himself in Canton at the head of an independent and thern States. He died in 1925 before his life's work was finished

s: This Government department is one of many buildings set up pital of modern China. The interior is very up to date but the e. Several of these large offices have lately been hit by bombs

al Export Co.'s premises which were looted in 1927 during the of destruction by Japanese raiders. *Below*—A glimpse of the old he countryside, enclosing a much larger area than Nanking proper

THE SUN YAT SEN MEMORIAL GLIMPSED THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE CITY WALLS, which stretch round Nanking for 20 miles or more. The walls were built by Hung Wu, the last Chinese Emperor to reign in Nanking. How much of them will survive the present war is a matter for serious conjecture, but if the mass Japanese raids continue on the same menacing scale a considerable amount of damage is certain to be done

THIS TRACK RUNS ALONG THE TOP OF NANKING'S WALLS, which are 30 ft. wide and range from 60 to 90 ft. high at various points on the 20-mile circuit. A picture giving a good idea of the nature of the country round the city which still retains the atmosphere of Imperial days when Nanking was at the height of its glory. It was the Emperor's seat for several periods between A.D. 222 and 501, and also during the 14th century

TUPPENCE COLOURED

Trimmings are all-important this year. On the left is Heim's black velvet afternoon coat with silver fox swirling diagonally across the front. Gloves are made of the same velvet

Schiaparelli's new half-length coat, below, is made in carbon blue embroidered with black soutache. The skirt is blue and the very flat braid-trimmed beret is faced with brilliant red

A magnificently tailored coat by Creed is photographed below Here again fur is used decoratively, for it makes the bar fastenings and the belt as well as the collar and cuffs. If your coat is trimmed with astrackan you should have a fur hat to match

Even the simplest suits go in for elaborate pockets and for touches of phantasie at the neck. On the right is Paquin's black and white tweed suit, with pockets running down and across the jacket, its dark blouse edged and fastened with crisp white tailored piqué

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COMEDY AND SENTIMENT: Greta Nissen, with her sense of sly fun and attractive Scandinavian accent, and Cyril Ritchard, with his gift of smooth and delicate comedy, made a first-rate starring couple in Arthur Reid's play *People in Love* which came to the Ambassadors following its preliminary run at the Arts last spring. The show however was evidently too unsubstantial for the West End and was withdrawn last Saturday

STAGE *and* SCREEN

An Irish Writer in Noel Coward Vein in "Youth's The Season": A Crime Play at the Whitehall with a Barely Credible Theme

By PHILIP PAGE

MORE VICTORIANA: Josephine Middleton gave a fine study of the aged Queen in the Gate Theatre's first production of Hugh Ross Williamson's *Mr. Gladstone* which covers the most tempestuous years of the Liberal leader's life and is the latest of a series of biographical plays dealing with an era that has once again become fashionable. It was at this same theatre, it may be remembered, that Norman Marshall first introduced to the stage Housman's *Victoria Regina*

THE main fault in Miss Mary Manning's youths and maidens in her play *Youth's the Season* at the Westminster Theatre is that they are all so confoundedly unyouthful.

A recognised phase in extreme youth, particularly when it apes intellectuality, is to pretend to be much older than it really is. But this is irritating to watch on the stage and we have here so much of it that Miss Manning's characters are only tolerable when they are drunk. Fortunately, most of them are drunk for a third of the play—the whole of the second act is a ghastly but not unamusing party in whatever district in Dublin corresponds to Bloomsbury—and I found it possible to take an interest in these young oddities instead of wishing that they had been properly, or even improperly, spanked and put to bed.

The authoress appears to be a sort of Irish Noel Coward in her ability to create flippant, soured young ragamuffins, who are in a constant bad temper because the world will not hail them as geniuses instead of spotting them as subnormal in intelligence with a gift for nothing except the gab. The outstanding specimen is one Terence Killigrew, whose rebellion against society was displayed outwardly by comic clothes, gloomy tirades, and a scowling face. Mingled funk and conventionality shone through it all.

I came across his real life counterpart in a little restaurant in Normandy a few weeks ago. This youth wore a corduroy suit and a rebellious expression, grunted out a few words in pidgin French, declared to his companion in English that he had seen all he wanted to see of life, threw on to the floor an aggressive knapsack with a pair of boots tied on it, took a sip of apple brandy, which he obviously didn't like, and then tackled the local paper, which he manifestly could not read. The disease is not incurable, but in the case of Miss Manning's hero no cure was allowed to operate, for to the surprise but relief of all he killed himself. Mr. Niall MacGuinness hit off the type to a nicety.

Youth's the Season is as a play almost as spineless as the people in it and is about nothing in particular. But there are some fairly lively incidents, notably a squabble at the aforesaid party between a couple of effeminate youths, and the all too few moments in which Miss Betty Chancellor is given an opportunity to show what a good actress she is. Miss Manning has a sense of humour and a knack of easy, natural dialogue. She should write a good play when she finds a story and some non-wastrels to figure in that story.

"The Dead Hand."—There may be a recorded instance of a man having cut off his nose to spite his face, though I doubt it. Possibly the backwaters of history contain the case of a suicide due to a desire to get an enemy convicted of murder, though this, too, is doubtful. That a man has ever, or could ever, commit suicide (a) to get an innocent man hanged, and (b) to prove how dangerous capital punishment can be and how easily the guiltless can become victims of it I utterly refuse to believe. And the analogy in fiction—Sam Weller's story of the man who eat a lot of crumpets and then blew his brains out to support his theory that "crumpets is wholesome"—reduces what is intended to be an impressive theme to absurdity.

The absurdity of the theme of *The Dead Hand* at the Whitehall Theatre, might not have mattered so very much, however, if it had not been treated so ponderously. Dr. Baxendale, elderly and distinguished, hates his young assistant, Dr. Hedlake, mainly because he *is* young and because he is obviously in love with Mrs. Baxendale, who is also young. When the old man dies they will have his money, about £200,000, and live happily ever after in, if I may say so, holy wedlake.

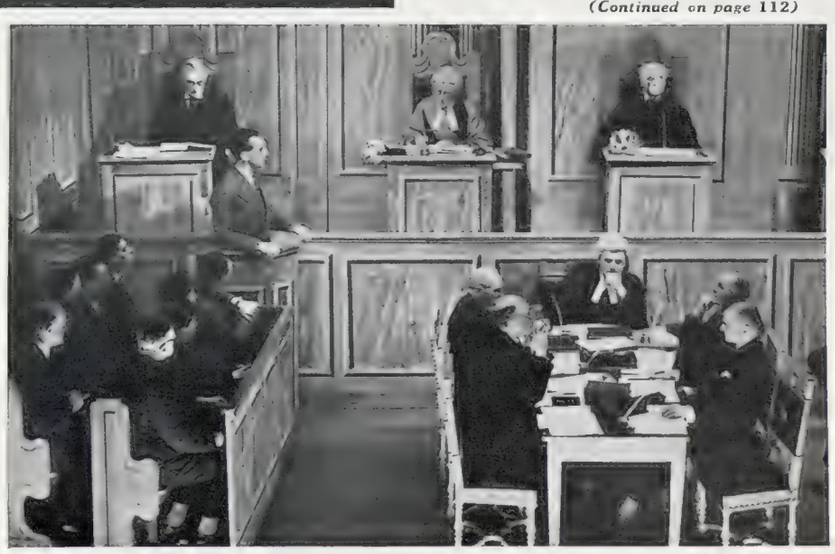
So Dr. Baxendale, who was played by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury and thought like Machiavelli and looked like Henry Irving, got Dr. Hedlake to give him an injection for his rheumatism, that nice young man not realising that the nasty old man had himself laced the injection with a stiff dollop of curare, a deadly drug which kills without trace in half-an-hour or so. Baxendale had previously left with his solicitor a letter containing a detailed description of the whole proceeding with instructions that it was not to be opened until twelve months after his death, by which time, of course, Hedlake would have been tried and executed.

Well, everything happened according to plan—almost. Since I knew that, Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, K.C., being one of the authors, we would have a realistic court scene, that Hedlake would be sentenced to death at the close of it, which was also the close of Act II, and that nothing else could possibly happen in Act III, but the production of that letter by the Pickwickian solicitor in the person of Mr. Arthur Chesney just in time to save the condemned man, *The Dead Hand* held no anticipatory excitement for me. A court scene, exact in every detail, is not necessarily dramatic when it is transferred to the stage; indeed, its very realism is apt to tell against it, since one can see much the same thing at the Old Bailey or the nearest assizes for nothing. The most boring hours of my life have been spent as a juryman at a trial just as tedious as this one of the King v. Hedlake.

The language in which the play is written is hardly an asset. The presence in the cast of that excellent actor, Mr. Arthur Young, as counsel for the defence, reminded one that his previous appearance on the stage was as Mr. Gladstone, who was given to addressing individuals as if they were a public meeting. Nearly everyone in the play talked to nearly everyone else as if he or she were a public meeting. Poor Mr. Chesney had to reel off Buzfuzian periods, and although Mr. Harvey Braban, who can usually be relied upon to put life into a part, did his best as a police inspector with two colleagues, to make us excited about the forthcoming arrest of Hedlake, the odds were against him. And the same ground was traversed again and again.

(Continued on page 112)

NIKITINA AT COVENT GARDEN: The noted ballerina (right) with another member of the cast during an interval in the rehearsal of *Le Lion Amoureux* in which she has been appearing as a guest artiste with the de Basil company. The company is shortly to begin a six months' tour in the United States, starting at the Metropolitan, New York



THE EFFORTS OF THE YOUNG WIFE OF AN ELDERLY SCIENTIST TO SAVE THE LIFE OF HER LOVER who has been condemned for the husband's murder form much of the emotional interest of *The Dead Hand*, the trial scene from which is depicted here. The play is by Cicely Fraser and E. G. Hemmerde and was presented at the Whitehall last week by the Playgoers Guild. With the exception of Margaretta Scott the cast is entirely male and includes Godfrey Kenton, H. A. Saintsbury and Laidman Brown. The Guild plans to stage six plays a year at this theatre

DIM RELIGIOUS LIGHT: One of the settings for the Faust episode which is incorporated in *Music and Mystery*, the new Warner Brothers film being made at the Teddington Studios. This company is greatly increasing its production side in England

SABU TRIES OUT A TYPEWRITER: The young Indian who starred in the film *Elephant Boy* and now has a part in *The Drum* which is being made at Denham, pictured during an interval in the morning's work on the set

STAGE and SCREEN

By Philip Page

(Continued from page 111)

The Dead Hand is as dead as the statue of Charles I just outside the theatre, and, with the exception of Miss Margaretta Scott, sweet and sympathetic as always, not nearly so decorative.

"Le Lion Amoureux."—The De Basil Ballet company are now on the Atlantic and Covent Garden will be shortly on ice—that is to say, the dance will still go on but the dancers will be on skates. Which must be very difficult for them.

The final effort of the De Basilians, *Le Lion Amoureux*, was not one of the best. Based on a La Fontaine fable it shows how a lion entered the room where a queen was having her portrait painted, fell instantly and passionately in love with her, and was easily captured and had its claws taken off.

What that fable is supposed to teach and what is the meaning behind it I do not pretend to know, unless it be that it is very silly for escaped lions to come anywhere near a queen, particularly if they are likely to fall in love with her. However, very few lions make a habit of penetrating into a studio where a queen is being painted and still fewer queens are as lovely as Madame Nikitina.

The whole thing is a bit too childish. M. Lichine leaping about to the accompaniment of roars and groans from the orchestra was amusing for a couple of minutes, but his antics soon palled, just as do the antics of all pantomime animals. The season is, alas! approaching when in innumerable *Dick Whittington* pantomimes innumerable "cats" will take an unconscionable time over pretending to drink milk out of a saucer and wiping their whiskers afterwards.

Besides, I did not think M. Lichine looked like or even suggested a lion. That did not matter much, since I would sooner look at M. Lichine any day or night than look at a lion, even at a safe distance. But the lack of resemblance was remarkable in that he had, I am informed, paid several visits to the Zoo to watch lions and their ways. If M. Lichine can prove to me that a lion ever walked about on its hind legs clasping its tail with a fore-paw and banging the end of its tail on the ground as the rhythmic accompaniment to music, I promise to enter, unarmed, the cage of a hungry lion and thus leave the way open for a successor to roar approval or disapproval in these columns.

A CHARMING NEWCOMER TO THE SCREEN: This is Aino Bergo. She hails from Stockholm but is now under contract to Warner Brothers at Teddington where great things are expected of her. She has had some screen experience having made films on the Continent, and is now busily polishing up her English

Madame Nikitina danced deliciously. Her *arabesques* in particular are exquisite perfection and it is tantalising to realise what we have missed by her absence from this company since 1929. Strictly speaking she has never until now been a member of the De Basil company, for she was *prima ballerina* of the Diaghileff troupe its predecessor. I am glad to hear there is a chance of a revival of *La Chatte* in which she was a *furore* when the company returns. That is a better ballet by far than *Le Lion Amoureux*, which has some good points—one of them being that it is lively and commendably short—but not many of them.

The season has been a great success artistically and, in its last few weeks, financially too. Captain Bruce Ottley, who is at the head of the new syndicate operating at Covent Garden except during the "grand" season in the summer months, has made a good start. He is that rare combination—an enthusiastic musician (he plays the piano really well) and a shrewd business man. The ballet repertoire has been comparatively small, but it has been judiciously selected, and the performances have been on a very high level indeed, even after the Leeds Festival took away the London Philharmonic Orchestra. It was pleasant to see Sir Thomas Beecham return to conduct *The Gods go a-Begging*, the ballet with Handel's music specially arranged by him.

As for the dancing, Mlle Danilova continues to reign supreme, with brilliant support from Mlle Riabouchinska, beautiful in graceful poise and making a big new success in the title-role in *Le Coq d'Or*, Mlle Baranova, and Mlle Rostova; among the males M. Lichine, M. Shabelevsky, and M. Pétroff stood out, also the twenty-three-year-old American from Seattle, who calls himself M. Platoff, and who is a first-rate character comedian as well as a serious dancer.

COLMAN CLOSE-UP: Facing the camera during the filming of *The Prisoner of Zenda* in which he plays the parts of both Rudolfs, giving his usual polished and technically faultless performance. Co-starring is Madeleine Carroll whose good work in recent films such as *On the Avenue*, *Lloyd's of London* and *The General Died at Dawn*, have won her speedy recognition in Hollywood. More ambitious parts are planned for her in the near future

"Big City" (Film).—*Big City*, being an American film about a big city, it is inevitable that that big city should be New York. Equally inevitable is it that it should deal largely with gangsters and thugs of varying degrees of villainy. So far so good; or, if you prefer it, so bad.

I enjoyed my visit to the Empire Theatre for this is an affair full of movement and colour and genuine excitement (it is also full of a vast amount of sentimental twaddle), and I do not stand in any danger of desiring to emulate in real life the deeds of these supermen of the sub-world. But I can foresee impressionable schoolboys (if such are among the Empire's patrons) writing blackmailing letters in the lingo of the story and telling their elders that they've

(continued on page 132)

Here's Welcome!

Leaping shadows and the gleam of firelight, the mingled scents of tobacco and burning logs . . . here's a room that tells of these, and all the magic of long evenings—a room that welcomes with the promise of peace and companionship which good furniture—Harrods furniture—always gives.

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The WORLD of BOOKS:

Kenneth Gandar Dower and Stuart Cloete, Writers who, each in His Individual Way, have Stories to Tell of Africa: More About Empress Elisabeth

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

PEOPLE go to Africa for all sorts of reasons—some, like Octavius Caesar and the tin replicas of the present day, to conquer; others to fulfil the exhortations of a Divine Master, and perhaps to be able to say: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume." In Victorian days—if we are to believe the lady novelists—the journey in search of big game was balm to a damaged heart. In these days, when scarcely an inch of the Dark Continent has not been brought under the "civilising" influence of the white man, who, as the world knows, is nothing if not a mighty hunter, the *safari* is as much a commonplace as a pack of hounds in the shires.

Yet if he is a big-game hunter he also writes books, and it was perhaps inevitable that the library of these mighty recorders should at last be invaded by someone with as little reverence for the ritual as Mr. Peter Fleming and Mlle Ella Maillart had for the hazards of exploration.

Mr. Kenneth Gandar Dower went to Kenya with no more practical knowledge of rifles than he had gathered from a range, and even less experience of the tracking of big game, but with a healthy enthusiasm for the works of Rider Haggard. This latter was quickly dispelled by the discovery that that part of Africa had been Bognorised out of all resemblance to the country with which he had been made familiar through the deeds of Umslopogaas. Indeed, Mr. Gandar Dower might very easily have taken the next plane home had he not fallen in with that mighty hunter, Raymond Hook, and heard the tale of the spotted lion.

THE SPOTTED LION (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is the story of his adventures in search of that beast. A skin there was, but alas! no bones to support its authenticity; 12,000 ft. up in the boglands of the Aberdare Mountains, where few men of any colour seek to tread, perhaps it existed. Indeed it did exist, although this light-hearted but serious, iconoclastic but constructive, young hunter and explorer brings back his tale but no specimen.

This is quite the most original, quite the most "different" of African big game hunting books ever to be done. It is stamped with the author's personality—one of insouciance, but at the same time critical and objective. It will, I hope, debunk for ever the old classic story of hardship and endeavour in pursuit of the heads of what few wild animals there are left upon the face of the earth. More than that, it is a very good story, readable, amusing, witty and, in more senses than one, constructive.

STUART CLOETE, whose first novel, *Turning Wheels* (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is a story of South African adventuring in the days of the Great Boer Trek. Vernon Fane reviews it on this page

It was inevitable that many books should have been written about the Empress Elisabeth of Austria. She represented, in the second half of the nineteenth century, the ideal of glamour which nowadays is the part of film stars. She was beautiful, unconventional, a remarkable horsewoman, and an unpredictable friend. Her whims and fancies surprised even her husband, Franz Joseph, and her extravagances, sometimes ridiculous, sometimes quixotic, were the subject of European rumour.

Elisabeth was, first and last, a figure of romance. Her Wittelsbach heritage of vitality and independence drove her to a life in which a mania for travel and for strenuous physical exercise made up a little for the loss of her childhood happiness and insouciance. Clothes, jewels, palaces, horses, art treasures were part of the brilliant life which she demanded. Private unhappiness might seem less real in some new and lovely place, or playing with the magnificent new toy of the moment.

In GOLDEN FLEECE (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) Miss Bertita Harding very sensibly takes the view that the Empress was a thoroughly spoilt woman. At home she had been high-spirited, and her pranks had been unimportant in a large family. At the Viennese court tradition was a strict Master of Ceremonies, and the regime that took the care of her own children away from her, left her with dangerously empty hours.

Miss Harding is my authority for saying that Franz Joseph was the most indulgent of husbands, and Miss Harding has a knowledge of the Habsburg family and their ramifications which should be the admiration of de Gotha. Franz Joseph missed her on her constant voyages, but he let her go, only writing to her "There is no end to my need for you. My thoughts are near you, and with pain do I think of our everlasting separation . . . ."

The death of her son Rudolf was a very great sorrow to them both, and neither ever truly recovered from it. When Elisabeth's sister was burned alive in a terrible accident, the unhappy woman thought her own fate was sealed. She died a year later, assassinated at Geneva.

There has been endless conjecture about Elisabeth's real character. Miss Harding determines many of the vague guesses, and shows us a very living Elisabeth, a fascinating, capricious creature who might have been difficult as a friend, but is unforgettable as a figure.

The lost continent of Atlantis has fascinated generations of people, because it plays that necessary part in the life of all nations, the myth of the "golden age." In imagining its unattainable beauties men of all kinds and races have found some sort of compensation for the trials of existence, even though they do not go so far as some French enthusiasts: "During a meeting at the Sorbonne at which the *Société d'Etudes Atlantéennes* was discussing the history of Ancient Corsica, the proceedings were violently interrupted when two teargas bombs were thrown into the hall by rival Atlanto-maniacs, euphemistically described in the report as 'visionaries.' The object of this 'group of dreamers' which objected so demonstratively to the scientific methods of their rivals, was apparently to go for long hikes, wearing Atlantean emblems in their buttonholes. They had Atlantean picnics and the initiates spoke a strange jargon derived from the technical vocabularies of Cabbalists, Freemasons, Boy Scouts and Celtic bards." A Danish society has even issued stamps and money, and designed a flag for the Principality of Atlantis.

The lost continent of Atlantis has also fascinated generations of scientists, and well over 1,700 books have been written on the subject. A detailed study of the problem requires a knowledge of archæology, geology, ethnology, biology, philology, comparative theology, and suboceanic-physiography!

Mr. James Bramwell in *Lost Atlantis* (Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.) sketches in his introduction the tragic story of poor Aunt Jane who sets out to solve the mystery of Atlantis. "Even the vicar is relieved when, a year later, two men wearing white coats, come to take her away."

Mr. Bramwell saves us from all fear of a like fate. He presents all the many, many theories shortly, clearly and un-technically, He exposes errors and emphasises truth, (such truth, that is to say, as can possibly be uncovered), and the vague romantic nostalgia with which we begin the book changes into the passionate interest of one who is assisting at the elucidation of an age-old mystery.

In the end we are shown the whole quest, the whole mystery and power of the myth, on a higher plane.

"In the final estimate," writes the author "the myth of Atlantis stands as the classic example of spiritual adventure, of the Elizabethan imagination which sets sail to discover new and valuable altitudes to life, those remote Bermudas of the mind,

". . . . that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find."

A hundred and one years ago, when Victoria was still a child in Kensington Palace, and England was preparing for an age of smug respectability, the first Boer *voortrekkers* marched north from the Cape Province to find homes and peace of their own.

Their story is one of unbelievable cruelty and courage, indomitable spirit, of wry humour, of determination and of disaster, and for some reason which still eludes me, it has very rarely been told.

Mr. Stuart Cloete however has changed all that. His TURNING WHEELS (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is, or I will eat the hat that all critics keep for such emergencies, going to start a vogue for books of South African adventure that will rival the vogue for Civil War stories set by the incomparable G. with the W. Mr. Cloete is himself of Dutch origin. His family first settled in South Africa in 1652, and when he wrote about the Great Trek, he was able to draw on the writings of his own great-grandfather. In other words, he was born to write just such a book as this, and he has done it magnificently.

When the Boers started out on that incredible journey, with their wives and children and such possessions as could be held in an ox-wagon, they knew they would never come back. They were looking for some place where their children could be born, and where they themselves could die in peace. Many of them were not even farmers, but shop-owners, small tradesmen, teachers, old women, and young girls.

They had in common a narrow, fanatical religion that sustained them, and a passionate love of liberty that made living under British rule in the south impossible. The Great Trek took over a year. During that time some of the best men were lost, killed by marauding Zulus or hunting the wild game that was the community's chief food. Even after they arrived at their "promised land," where there were water, rich earth, and trees as a basis for their new homes, calamity followed them.

The effort necessary to reclaim the land from the quick-growing shrubs was too great, the Zulus were gaining power, and the expedition was fated to end, but for a few survivors, in terrible massacres. All this Mr. Cloete conveys with a realism, and at the same time a literary force, that is quite remarkable. In a week or two this book will be making its own readers. Till then I recommend it as a "must" for that library list.

There are two aspects to Miss Jane Lane's SIR DEVIL-MAY-CARE (Methuen. 8s. 6d.). It is obvious that the author has a complete and very scholarly grasp of the period of which she is writing, and that her book is well worthy of serious consideration as an historical novel.

On the other hand the hearty, swashbuckling treatment of the wars of Charles and Rupert and Cromwell calls for a more full-blooded appreciation. There are two sides, in opinion as well as fact, to those civil wars, but Miss Lane is never in any doubt as to which she will support. With admirable single-mindedness she comes down on the side of the Cavaliers.

"Wrong but romantic" in the general opinion, Miss Lane gives them the benefit of nobility of motive, and an almost alarming proportion of romantic charm. They fought for their king, didn't they? her attitude seems to demand. Well then . . .

In the same way her unequivocal attitude leads her to paint heroes in brilliant colours, villains in diabolical black. Puritans and Roundheads come in for a fearful drubbing as a set of cruel and bigoted lechers, and poor King Charles is cast, willy-nilly, for the role of martyr. The story itself is told vigorously and with great pace, as thoroughly readable a piece of reconstruction as I have read for a very long time.

FREEDOM'S CROOKED SCARS (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) is a novel of Nazi Berlin, and the life of a foreign newspaper correspondent in it. The fact that it was written by Mr. Alexander Henderson, former Berlin correspondent to Reuter's, argues that the facts, if not the fiction, are apt to be fairly convincing.

Happily, in this case both are credible, and the curious, uneasy life of spies and suspicion and occasional good fellowship is excellently conveyed.

In addition to the books reviewed above the Editor also draws the attention of readers to the following new publications:—

John Knox, by Lord Eustace Percy. *(Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.)*: The Scottish divine, so often labelled a ranter, an iconoclast, and a hypocrite, is here depicted in fairer perspective. The author's balanced assessment of his character is undoubtedly a finely tempered piece of historical writing.

The Life of Lord Charles Metcalfe, by Edward Thompson. *(Faber and Faber. 21s.)*: The story of the man who became Lord Wellesley's trusted personal secretary in India, and for thirty-seven years played a vital part in British-Indian history.

Crisis in China, by James M. Bertram. *(Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)*: A vivid presentation of the shifting scene of modern Chinese life, dealing chiefly with the Sian affair of 1936 when General Chiang Kai-Shek was kidnapped. It is the work of a young New Zealand Rhodes scholar.

The Mind of Man, by Walter Bromberg, M.D. *(Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.)*: A study of insanity and an analysis of the methods brought to bear on its conquest.

Maria, Lady Callcott, by Rosamund Brunel Gotch. *(John Murray. 12s.)*: The subject of this biography is known to fame as the author of *Little Arthur's History of England*, a book that still sells steadily after more than a century of existence. The making of the book was, however, only one episode in a varied and highly adventurous life.

Adventures of a Trepang Fisher, by George Herbert Sunter. *(Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.)*: A detailed account of a strange and little-known industry off the northern coast of Australia.

Edward Wilson, Nature Lover, by George Seaver. *(John Murray. 10s. 6d.)*: This is an account of the man who went with Scott on his last expedition and was such a wonderful inspiration in the closing fateful days.

"Should Auld Acquaintance . . . ", by William Power. *(George G. Harrap. 8s. 6d.)*: Here one of Scotland's most distinguished writers recounts the highlights of his career.

Lex, by Frank Whitbourn. *(Longmans. 10s. 6d.)*: The biography of Alexander Divine, founder of Clayesmore School. His father was a Manchester office boy. He himself started as a printer.

This England . . .

Willy Lott's cottage in the Constable country (seen in the "Hay Wain," etc.)

"SOON ripe, soon rotten" is a scrap of country wisdom that does indeed apply to more than fruit. One sees the truth of it in many a man. John Constable who immortalized a part of our English countryside, did his best work at near his fiftieth year—yet he was at his painting since a child. This slow maturing, like those Suffolk landscapes, is typically English—and you are thereby drawn to it. If, for example, you did not already know, you might guess that it is the patient, unhurried working to maturity that makes Worthington a rich delight—to you as to the men of Constable's day.

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DALY'S IN THE PALMY DAYS (Cont. from page 98)

we went up Jimmy White called for me and said: "Every time we have a try-out, the Manchester papers slang their own orchestra. How much would it cost to take Daly's orchestra up there?" I replied emphatically that it would cost a lot. White smiled at my Yorkshire thriftiness. "We'll take 'em, Woody," he said.

On the morning of the first performance, while I was having a last band rehearsal, a water main burst in the street outside. We looked up to find rivers flowing down the gangways, and since water finds its own level, these emptied into the orchestra pit. By the time the orchestra had seized their instruments and scrambled out, the water was 4 ft. deep.

With the aid of the fire brigade it was pumped out—or most of it. But the theatre was permeated through and through with the odour of damp and dusty plush. Everything was damp. The orchestra pit especially. In order to make it habitable at all we had to put planks down, and the musicians kept their feet on these, while three inches of water swirled round their chair legs.

The élite of Manchester, drawn to a fashionable first night, got something of a shock that evening. They arrived to find the floor of the stalls deep in sawdust. As for me, I conducted that performance clothed in evening dress and gum-boots.

It was not an auspicious start, but even under ideal circumstances I doubt if the piece would have gone. You can sense a flop when you've been in the business as long as I have, and possibly it's more apparent from the orchestra pit than anywhere else. By the time the final curtain came down we all knew, Oscar Asche, the producer, Evelyn Laye, down to the youngest chorus girl, that we'd got a flop.

They will tell you in Manchester that if a piece can get by with a local audience it will get by anywhere They will tell you the same thing in Birmingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Leeds, almost any of the big cities. But in this case they were right. The West End resolutely refused to confound our first pessimism by becoming the least bit enthusiastic over *Cleopatra*. So we were without a show, and we had to do some quick looking round. We found *Katcha the Dancer*, and by the time that had run its course, we had *Yvonne* ready, and after that the *Blue Mazurka*.

The *Blue Mazurka* was a jinx show. It had some of the most delightful light music ever written—by Lehar—and all the elements of a smash hit. Yet, for some inexplicable reason, the public were apathetic.

We finished the London run, and took the piece down to Streatham Hill, and there the utterly unexpected occurred. I was conducting one evening when my leader pushed an evening paper on to the stand. A small paragraph in the stop press was marked with a pencil cross. I glanced at it.

Jimmy White was dead. He had shot himself!

We finished the performance and crowded into the passages, asking each other what it was all about, and finding no answer. Later on we realised that we would have to think of the future. Hitherto that had not been necessary. Our positions were permanent, as permanent as Daly's theatre seemed then. We kept them, irrespective of successes or failures. Until to-night we had been a permanent staff. Now . . .?

Little by little the truth came out. White had been losing money, both in the theatre, in his racing stable, and in the city. The great Jimmy, who we all thought could look outrageous fortune in the face and defy her to shoot as many arrows as she wished, had failed.

Yet the real tragedy was not apparent even then. For it transpired that he was not really bankrupt. Had he had patience his affairs must have righted themselves.

I went back to Daly's, packed my things, said goodbye to my dresser, and left. My luck had held; I was going to conduct *O Kay* at His Majesty's. Others of the Daly's company were not so fortunate.

I have been back to Daly's since that day. But it has never been the same place. Thereafter, something was missing. I think it was because, after White's death, it became as impermanent as other theatres. You were there for the run of the show you were engaged for, and after that, heaven knew!

That was the thing which, above all else, distinguished Daly's. Its permanence. It had built up a tradition. For thirty years without a break it had presented the same kind of musical plays, and their melodies were known right across the world.

Well, Daly's is gone, and soon I suppose Kay Francis will reign where once José Collins held undisputed sway.

THE NEW MASTER CUTLER: Colonel Frederick Austin Neill, who was installed in office on October 7

The new Master Cutler is Chairman and Managing Director of James Neill and Company, Limited, Composite Steel Works, Sheffield, and is the eldest surviving son of the late James Neill, Esq., J.P., the founder of the Company, who was Master Cutler in 1923. His grandfather, the late Alderman George Neill, Esq., J.P., was Mayor of Rotherham in the years 1881, 1884, 1890, 1896, and 1897. Colonel Neill was born in Sheffield in 1891, and was educated at Wrekin College before going to Germany for two years to complete his education and obtain business experience. In 1910 he entered the firm of James Neill, manufacturers of the "Eclipse" products, was appointed a Director in 1916, and in 1930 became Chairman and Managing Director. He has travelled extensively on the Company's business in Europe

NANKING: CHINA'S MUCH-RAIDED CAPITAL (Continued from page 116)

humbler, remoter, dull red tomb of the once mighty Ming Emperor. Within the city are many schools and colleges, and two great universities.

The most recent destruction by war in Nanking was that perpetrated by the Canton army under Soviet leadership in 1925. But the damage was regional only and of no great extent. The foreign club which was then destroyed has been replaced by an international club shared by Chinese and foreigners.

Will Japanese bombs destroy the ancient, beautiful city wall of Nanking? It is said to be the greatest city wall in the world—23 miles in circumference, 30 ft. wide, and from 60 to 90 ft. high. The Emperor Hung Wu built it as it stands to-day, incorporating in it portions of a wall built by one of his predecessors centuries earlier. Canton, characteristically spurning the ancient for the new, razed its city wall to the ground about 1915—a few years after the Republic was inaugurated, and made a wide road in its place. But Nanking, conservative aristocrat among cities, has kept its wall—until now.

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Have you seen the Austin Magazine for October?

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Cars of the New Season On View In One of the World's Biggest Exhibition Centres

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

ALTHOUGH several motor manufacturers have already announced their programmes for the 1938 season the opening of the annual Motor Exhibition must be considered the real start of the motoring New Year. Many firms have held back their programme or at any rate have managed to keep secret one or two new models until the Show opens. The display is undoubtedly of greater interest than ever in the past and will draw, I think, a record attendance.

The Exhibition this year is held at the Earls Court Exhibition Hall. Intending visitors should keep this well in mind because we have all become so accustomed to going to Olympia that it is very easy to take the road or train to Addison Road only to find that the Motor Show is being held at Earls Court. True, the two places are not very far apart but it would obviously be a nuisance to make a mistake.

Good as past shows have been as regards layout, stands, space for walking round, etc., the new Earls Court Exhibition building is, of course, completely new and is of colossal size. The site of the Hall alone covers 9 acres of ground and visitors who spend a fair time on the premises will benefit from the air-conditioned atmosphere which should make visits much less tiring than before.

Earls Court is particularly accessible, whether the visitor goes by car or by Underground. A large car-park is in the hands of the R.A.C., and there is actually space for 1,800 cars, whilst a private roadway surrounding the exhibition building makes entrance into and exit from the car-park easy and convenient.

Having parked the car, or given up the railway ticket at Earls Court Station, the visitor on entering the Exhibition Hall will immediately be struck by the uniform banner signs. The authorities consider that uniformity of signs will assist visitors to identify the location of any particular exhibit. It will be found that the stands on the ground floor are marked by banners, those in the car section being crimson, in the carriage works section blue, and in the caravan and trailer section green. Blue banners are also employed for the general identification of the marine exhibits, but the stands themselves have a flag and mast design.

Usually each annual Motor Exhibition marks some definite advance in motor car design. On this occasion, however, it is a little difficult to put one's finger on any particular point which appears to have been taken up by the great majority of manufacturers. After a walk round the visitor will be impressed by the fact that there is nothing freakish, particularly in coachwork, but that there is a general tendency to give more body-space and to tidy up the exterior of the car. I think there is a distinct leaning towards bigger cars, probably because owners of such vehicles are telling their friends that the larger vehicle is not so expensive to run in these days as might be imagined. Again it seems fairly evident from the exhibits that there is very keen competition in the 10-h.p. class. Manufacturers are offering wonderful value in cars of this size, and the performance and accommodation provided are very different indeed from what they were only a few years back.

Naturally, most people making their first visit want to know if there are any outstanding novel exhibits which they should not miss. There are some, and perhaps the one that will be most talked about is Sir Malcolm Campbell's speed boat *Blue Bird*. The authorities are to be congratulated on exhibiting this wonderful craft. It is in shape and design quite different from what the average individual would conceive was correct. This boat it will be remembered holds the world's water speed record at 129·50 m.p.h. Unfortunately, it is not situated in the motor boat section, but will be found in a prominent position adjacent to the coachwork section.

The visitor should not miss the Deisel-engined car which is on the Citroën stand. Engines of this type have, of course, been fitted to cars before and there are actually quite a long list of records which have been established by cars fitted with this type of power unit, but the Citroën, it is fairly safe to say, is the first standard private car to be offered to the public, as it were, off the shelf. Who knows, but in five or ten years time we may all be driving Diesel-engined cars. They have certain obvious advantages, such as cheaper running costs, freedom from fire risk, and longer range of travel without replenishment of fuel.

Then in case visitors get it into their heads that design is stagnant, I would advise them to have a look at a certain small car which will be found not far away from the Warwick Road entrance. This car has a 2-cylinder, two-stroke engine, and is of tried design. To mention one advantage which an engine of this type possesses, I would point out that it has only five moving parts instead of about 40 as is usual in an orthodox four-stroke engine of similar size.

Then in the coachwork section there is a particularly interesting saloon body known as the "clear view." This body incorporates a patent windscreen entirely unobstructed by frame or pillars. In addition the windows are of special design so that the occupants of the car can see in every direction without interference.

The modern motor car has a very efficient engine, and it is remarkable that with such power under the bonnet available manufacturers have not harnessed some of it to do the hundred and one odd jobs and operations which the motor owner is called upon to perform manually.

This year's exhibition, however, does definitely show that a beginning is being made to allow the driver to become more lazy. Exhibits will be found where it is only necessary to press a neat electric button on the dashboard and the rear blind will descend or return to its rolled-up position at a touch. Again, there are one or two cars where the touch on a similar button will raise the glass division window between the front and back seats.

During the past twelve months we have had cars the gears on which have been operated also by electricity, so it looks as if in the near future we shall be able to pump up our tyres, raise and lower the windows in the doors, clean the car inside and outside, etc., by using the electricity generated by our engine.

The more studious minded visitor, particularly if he is interested in automobile design, will notice that there are far more cars now being offered for sale with independent suspension. True, not many have yet adopted this type of springing for all four wheels but there are very few manufacturers who at the Show are not offering at least one model having independent springing on the front wheels. Some of the designs are particularly interesting and in many cases are to be found on the smaller cars.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK: Negotiating "a wee brig" over a stream on a picturesque by-road near Loch Lomond

EARLS COURT, THE MOTORIST'S MECCA

Some of the Outstanding Exhibits at the Motor Show Reviewed by A. PERCY BRADLEY

AUSTIN

The Fourteen Goodwood saloon, an excellent example of the smart medium-sized family car

AUSTIN.—The Austin Company have increased their exhibits at this year's Show and on their main stand (No. 104) there are twelve exhibits as against eight last year. Altogether with the seven marine engines on stand No. 144 and the sectional Big Seven chassis in the mechanical display section, the Austin exhibits muster a full score. Naturally, the newest Austins—the Big Seven and the Eightēen—create the most interest, but the other models, comprising the Seven, Ten, Twelve, Fourteen, and Twenty, which have been so popular during the past year, come in for much attention. Two Big Seven saloons, as listed at £160, are displayed. Visitors will find these cars surprisingly roomy and comfortable with clean well-proportioned body lines, generous equipment, and fundamentally sound in design throughout The new Austin Eighteen appears as the long wheelbase Windsor saloon priced at £375, and the Norfolk short wheelbase model costing £355, both providing exceptionally generous accommodation. The seats are unusually large and deeply upholstered, the doors are really wide, and the floor is quite level without footwells or transmission tunnel. The other Austin models are now so well known and so firmly established in favour that their individual qualities need not be reiterated here. Suffice it to say that the Ten Cambridge saloon costing £195, the Twelve Ascot at £230, and the Fourteen Goodwood priced at £260, exemplify the latest Austin practice in respect of body lines, luggage accommodation, low periodicity springing, sound insulation, driving visibility, and all round value for money in their respective classes.

DAIMLER

The new 15 Sports saloon. This interesting newcomer is fitted with a 6-cylinder engine of 16·2 h.p.

BENTLEY.—On the Bentley stand are found four examples of the 4¼ litre model, in the chassis of which there are no changes in design to be revealed. The cars comprise two saloons, a drop-head coupé, and an open tourer. Of the saloons one is a special two-door body by H. J. Mulliner of Chiswick in which the peak of the roof and the sliding portion of the sun roof are fitted with synthetic glass known as Perspex. This novel arrangement should provide a greatly increased field of vision for the occupants of the car, especially for those sitting at the back. The parts so treated have shutters, which can be operated at will to deal with any glare which may prove objectionable at any time. This body, which is of particularly attractive lines, has seating for four, including driver, and built-in luggage accommodation with fitted suit cases. The price of the car as exhibited is £1,815, plus £40 extra for the special glass peak to the roof and glass sliding roof. The other saloon is an all-steel body by Park Ward, with four doors and having accommodation for four people, including the driver, a sunshine roof, and a boot for luggage. The price of this saloon is £1,529. The drop-head coupé is a body by Vanden Plas (England), Ltd., with seating accommodation for four, a feature of which is the neat appearance of the car when the head is folded down. The four-seater open tourer, also by Vanden Plas, has particularly attractive lines, and is shown in two shades of grey with grey leather upholstery. Although it is essentially a sports car the luggage accommodation has been carefully studied, giving the car a greater practical value. The price complete is £1,435.

ROLLS-ROYCE

A Hooper enclosed limousine mounted on a 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. The body panels and bonnet are painted wine colour, while the wings, wheels, and upper parts are finished in black

HOOPER

DAIMLER.—A chassis of the new Daimler Fifteen is one of the chief attractions on the Daimler stand. This car has a system of independent front-wheel suspension with a control bar which produces remarkable cornering capabilities. It is much larger than previous Daimler Fifteens. The wheelbase is longer and, with the long bonnet carried out well over the front axle, the interior is not overcrowded with five people in it. Two models of this car are shown, the six light saloon at £475, and the four light sports saloon at £485. Five other cars are on view, including the entirely re-designed coach-built saloon for the Daimler Twenty. This has a large luggage boot, and the interior equipment includes new style upholstery and foot-rests and folding tables for the passengers in the rear. The growing popularity of this model has enabled a reduction of £80 in price to be made. A Daimler Twenty limousine, almost identical with the first one purchased by Her Majesty Queen Mary last year, is exhibited. The Daimler light straight Eight, fastest of the Daimlers, is shown with a smart saloon body priced at £1,050. The car has been improved in detail, and eleven different coachwork designs are available.

ROLLS-ROYCE.—The Rolls-Royce exhibit consists of two Phantom III 12-cylinder models and two 25–30-h.p. models. The Phantom III comprise a seven-seater pullman limousine and a special sedanca de ville. The pullman limousine, coachwork by Hooper, follows orthodox lines and is arranged to give the greatest possible comfort to the occupants, all of whom sit facing forward. The extreme smoothness of this car over any road is due to the special form of independent front wheel suspension with which this type of chassis is equipped. The price of this car is £2,670. The sedanca de ville, by Barker, is possibly the most exclusive car to be seen in the Exhibition. The power unit is an extremely silent and flexible 12-cylinder en ine and the flexibility of the suspension can be adjusted from the driving seat as and when required. The makers assert that it is a more delightful car to drive than has ever been produced before from the factory at Derby. The sedanca body is specially attractive by reason of its exclusive design and general equipment. The roof over the driving seat is designed to provide the usual sliding sunshine roof, and also to disappear entirely leaving the front seat completely open when required. The price of this car is £3,040. The 25–30-h.p. exhibits consist of an enclosed limousine seven-seater of orthodox design by Thrupp and Maberly and an owner-driver saloon by Windover. The price of the former is £1,610 and of the latter, £1,625.

BENTLEY

A two-seater Hooper body fitted on to a Bentley chassis which epitomises the perfect blending of the art of the coachbuilder and the car manufacturer

HOOPER

ROVER.—The stand of the Rover Co., Ltd., No. 87, is well located in the centre line of stands. Examples of all their well-known models are exhibited and present an imposing display. These comprise a Ten saloon, attractively finished in green at £255, and a fixed head coupé on the Ten chassis in maroon. A Twelve saloon in blue at £300 and its companion sports saloon in grey at £310. On the Fourteen chassis is a large saloon finished in black with a fine gold line at the waist and brown upholstery, priced at £320. The Sixteen is shown as a saloon in maroon at £360 and also as a sports saloon at £370, finished in green. The 20-h.p. sports saloon at £425 finished in black with fine green lines and green upholstery completes the exhibit. The already well-known Rover features are maintained including flexible engine mountings, controlled free-wheel, automatic chassis lubrication, etc., and as far as the outward appearance is concerned the main difference lies in the altered bonnets. The range of bodywork is the same as for 1937 with the addition of a fixed head coupé on the 10-h.p. chassis. D.W.S. hydraulic jacks have been added to the 16 and 20-h.p. specification, and Avon Duo-tread tyres are fitted to all models.

ROVER

An example of the Sixteen sports saloon, the long low lines of which evidence its speed and road-holding qualities

(Continued on page 122)

INSPECT

THE NEW FORD "EIGHT,"

Britain's Outstanding Value-Proposition among High-Grade Cars of the Lighter Class, £117 10s., as a completely equipped Saloon; De Luxe Saloon, £127 10s.;

THE NEW FORD V-8 "22,"

Roomier, Better Appointed than Ever, £240, as a completely equipped Touring Saloon; Forward-Control Truck, with 14 ft. 4 ins. Loading Platform, and Either 4-Cyl. or 8-Cyl. Engine, £30 Tax, £295, Fully Equipped; also the Other FORDSON Commercial Vehicles and Tractors, all combining maximum efficiency with phenomenal economy of operation.

(ALL PRICES AT WORKS)

MAKE A POINT OF SEEING

Clutch Assembly, demonstrating the simplicity of design of the Ford V-8 clutch;

Fabric Testing, by a machine which gives Ford upholstery-fabrics the equivalent of a year's wear in an hour;

The **Grading Room** exhibit, a replica of a complete inspection room in use at Dagenham;

The **Crankshaft Balancing Machine,** a highly technical apparatus by which Ford crankshafts are tested to extremely fine limits;

Core Making, showing how foundry-cores are made by one of the many labour-saving machines employed at Dagenham;

Gear-Listening Machine, brought from the Ford Works to demonstrate the care taken to ensure gear-silence;

The **Disappearing Engine,** a cameo of the Disappearing Car exhibit which fascinated so many visitors to the 1936 Show;

The **History of Linear Measurement,** an outstanding exhibit tracing the birth and evolution of measurement of length;

Ford Films, new and still better pictures, featuring many well-known personalities; Two Cinemas; Continuous Performances;

The **New Motorist's Section,** featuring things the new car-owner should know.

OTHER EXHIBITS INCLUDE FEATURES OF INTEREST TO MOTORISTS AND NON-MOTORISTS ALIKE—A LIGHTNING SKETCH ARTIST, PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FORD WORKS, PRECISION-GAUGES, THE MECHANICAL DOCTOR, Etc.

MUSIC BY THE ROYAL ARTILLERY BAND *(By kind permission of the Officers of The Royal Artillery)*

Catering at Popular Prices: Comfortable Lounges and Rest Rooms. A Motor Exhibition Without a Dull Moment, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily: Car Parks at the Doors: Admission 1s. 3d., Including Entertainment Tax, or by Ticket from the Local Ford Dealer.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX

London Showrooms: 88 Regent Street, W.1

EARLS COURT — The Motorist's Mecca (Continued from page 120)

FORD

The de luxe edition of the new Eight saloon with many additional refinements which make it a car of exceptional beauty, charm, and practical appeal

FORD—The Ford Motor Exhibition at the Royal Albert Hall, which opened on October 14 and which will remain open until October 23, is an established favourite among London's popular exhibition events. It combines entertainments, spectacle, and interesting information about present-day motoring and transport developments in a way entirely its own. The Show, of course, presents the amazingly wide range of Ford products, which cover a host of widely different requirements in motoring, goods transport, power farming, and industrial and marine power units.

Just a few of many other features of a most unusual exhibition include a "disappearing engine," with a cylinder block which apparently becomes transparent, enabling the interior to be seen; a "New Motorists Section" for the special information of the "L" driver and those contemplating buying a car for the first time; and two cinemas showing entirely new motoring films. The cinema at previous Ford exhibitions has proved so popular that it has been found necessary to provide an auxiliary theatre. The musical programme is provided by the band of the Royal Artillery. Refreshments are obtainable and parking facilities outside the Hall are convenient. The exhibition is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily, admission being 1s. 3d.

LANCHESTER.— The feature of interest on the Lanchester Stand at Earls Court is an entirely redesigned de luxe version of the 14-h.p. Roadrider. The Lanchester range also includes three new models of the famous Lanchester Eleven and completely redesigned coachwork on the Lanchester Eighteen with an approximate drop in price of £70.

Two examples of the new Eleven are on show. One is a panelled-top saloon of modern design at £285 and the other a four-window sports saloon at £290. The cheapest model is a fabric-topped saloon at £275. Owing to the rapidly increasing popularity of this car it has been found possible to make a reduction in price of £20, being the cheapest Lanchester ever offered. In spite of its low price this car is fitted with the Daimler fluid flywheel and a self-changing gear-box similar to the larger models.

The 14-h.p. Roadrider was first introduced last year and certain improvements have been made since then. The saloon is priced at £330 and the sports saloon at £340. A completely new range of modern coachwork has been provided on the Lanchester Eighteen, the engine and chassis of which being only altered in detail. The new coachwork includes a luggage boot at the rear with the lid forming a grid, ventilating flaps to the front windows and louvres to all windows, improved comfort and new design in upholstery. A six-window saloon at £525 and an attractive sports saloon at £535 are shown on the stand. The price of this car has been reduced by approximately £70.

MORRIS.—The full range of models is shown on the Morris stand (No. 65). New colour schemes, a new radiator grille and the radiator shell and lamp bodies coloured, are features on all series I and series III models. The Morris Eight is shown with various types of body-work, with prices ranging from £126 for a green two-seater to £149 for a maroon four-door sliding-head saloon. Three models of the Ten-four series III are on show, a green fixed-head saloon at £185, a birch grey sliding-head saloon at £195 and a sports blue coupé at £220.

A new design of body is mounted on the Twelve-four series III chassis, with a luggage compartment having a capacity of over 10 cub. ft., to which access is obtained from the outside. The spare wheel is carried in a separate compartment at the rear, whilst a drop centre arm on the rear seat, improved instrument panel, a large parcel-tray running the whole width of the body, and a windscreen wiper with remote drive and independent control arm on the passenger's side are only a few of its outstanding features.

The Fourteen-six series III is now offered only as a sliding-head saloon at £248 10s. and the model shown is finished in Orient blue. The remaining models on the stand are a maroon Twenty-five series III sliding-head saloon at £320 and a black coupé at £345. In the chassis section of the Exhibition will be found a sectioned model of the new Twelve series III, whilst engine units of the Ten-four series III and Eight series II are also shown

HOOPER.—Four examples of Hooper coachwork will be found on stand No. 45. One is a two-door sports saloon on a 4¼ litre Bentley chassis, with seating for four. A sports saloon is shown on a 25–30-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis and an enclosed limousine with division behind the driving seat is fitted to a 32-h.p.

(Continued on page 124)

MORRIS

The Eight series II four-door saloon which like the larger products of this famous firm is fitted with special wheels for easy cleaning

NEW OIL NEW PROCESS NEW CONTAINERS

Ask at your garage for the new Shell lubricating oil in the yellow cone-shaped tins. It is made at Shell Haven, Essex, by an improved solvent extraction process in a new plant. The new Shell oil contains a special and exclusive oily compound which greatly increases its lubricating power. Most important car manufacturers have satisfied themselves that the new Shell oil is in fact a big advance in lubrication efficiency. **HILLMAN, HUMBER, SUNBEAM and TALBOT after exhaustive tests have decided to use and recommend the new Shell oil exclusively.** It is officially approved by AUSTIN, BUICK, CHRYSLER, FIAT, FORD, M.G., MORRIS, RILEY, ROVER, S.S., STANDARD, VAUXHALL, WOLSELEY, ETC.

NEW SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

ROLLS-ROYCE DESIGNED THIS RADIATOR THIRTY YEARS AGO

"If one goes back to the first Rolls-Royce one saw—on a Scottish moor, rolling down to Goodwood, or idling through the Berkeley Square that was—one must realise that the car of *then* looked little different from the car of *now*.

The point is significant, for Rolls-Royce has never changed for the sake of change. There have been improvements, but not improvisations. The radiator of thirty years ago, which a friend once described to me as being 'as instinctively right as an Adams portico' will be no less distinguished in 1947 than it is in 1937.

I think that the car emphasises more vividly than any other the futility of constant switching and changing about to meet what is believed to be a passing fashion in exterior line."
Morning Post 9th September 1937

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6201

Showrooms — St. James's Street.

The Finest Car in the World

HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

By Appointment

More than a hundred years of practical experience is represented in every motor body completed by Hooper & Co. Prospective purchasers are invited to inspect the wide range of latest examples of fine coachwork to be seen at 54, St. James's Street, and at the new works at Park Royal, also at Earl s Court, Stand No. 45, from October 14-23. Hooper & Co. always have in stock many used cars of outstanding value.

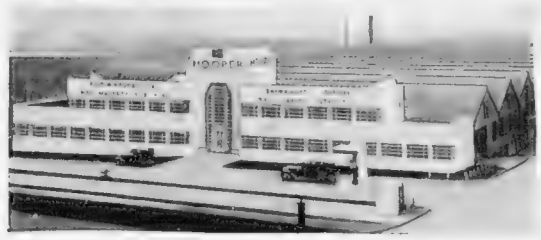
Hooper Coachwork will be exhibited at Earls Court on the following Stands

HOOPER 45

ROLLS-ROYCE 83

DAIMLER 85

New Factory — Park Royal.



HOOPER & CO

(COACHBUILDERS) LTD

Motor Body Builders to His Majesty The KING

54, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W. 1

Kennington Service

EARLS COURT—The Motorist's Mecca (Continued from page 122)

STANDARD — The Flying Standard Fourteen with its graceful body lines and ample seating accommodation. Controlled suspension is included in the specification

Daimler chassis. The fourth exhibit is a Hooper sedanca mounted on a 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom III chassis.

In these days of mass-production coachwork it is refreshing to see coachwork which has been fashioned by craftsmen who know their job and who specialise in building bodies which are second to none. Hooper coachwork has long been renowned for its high quality and a visit to their stand is more than worth while. Coachwork by this firm can also be seen on the Daimler and Rolls-Royce stands.

ALVIS.—The Alvis Show exhibit comprises examples of the 4.3 litre, Speed Twentyfive, and the Crested Eagle, the new Silver Crest, and the new 4-cylinder 12/70 models, seven complete cars in all, together with a Speed Twentyfive chassis. The new 20-h.p. Silver Crest chassis has many features of outstanding interest including an entirely new and original form of box section chassis frame, an exclusive system of independent front wheel springing, an all-silent all-synchromesh four-speed gear-box and a silent 6-cylinder engine rated at 19.82 h.p. An alternative engine of 16.95 h.p. is also available. This new model is built on essentially modern and sporting lines and provides generous accommodation for three rear seat passengers. The car shown is most luxuriously equipped and is priced at £595.

The new 12/70 model with its short wheelbase, excellent steering lock, light controls, and perfect visibility is eminently suitable for close parking and dense traffic navigation. With its comfortable cruising speed of 60 m.p.h. and perfect road holding ability it is also just as suitable for touring. The Four light saloon which represents this model at the Show costs £435. In addition to the cars on view on the official Alvis stand, models are also shown on various stands in the coachwork section.

STANDARD.—A representative selection of Flying Standard cars is on view on the Standard stand No. 84, varying from the Nine at £152 10s. to the V-8 at £325. For 1938 the frontal assembly of all models has been brought into line with the standardising of the distinctive radiator grille, the shell and central bar of which are finished in colour to match the bonnet, the sweeping vertical slats being chromium plated. The all-steel saloon bodies are of one piece construction, tremendously strong and freed from drumming by the extensive use of sound insulating and noise preventing substances throughout. There is ample leg and head room in every seat, the floors being flat with no footwells, and entrances are wide.

Other items common to the range are: four-speed gear-boxes with synchromesh for second, third, and top speeds; easy jacking system, enclosed luggage accommodation, self-cannelling direction indicators; Triplex glass throughout, and flush fitting sliding roofs. On the stand can be seen the two very attractive new touring models, which the Standard Company announced only on the eve of the Show. They are full five-seater, four-door, six-light saloons of 14 and 20 h.p. rating. The Fourteen has a 4-cylinder engine, taxed at £10 10s. a design notable for its efficiency and economy. The big 6-cylinder engine of the Twenty is taxed at £15, and develops 65 brake h.p.

It is something in the nature of an achievement that such graceful body lines as characterise these new Standards should so well combine with utility. The accommodation is ample to seat five people while luggage is cared for by the extra roomy suitcase locker, the lid of which folds flat to accommodate a really outsize trunk. Among the many interesting chassis features, torsion-bar controlled suspension calls for special mention. This design combines simplicity and reliability with the advantages of all modern suspension systems. The prices of these two new cars are the Flying Standard Fourteen £268 and the Flying Standard Twenty, £325.

VAUXHALL.—Vauxhall have introduced an entirely new light car, built in an entirely new way. It is claimed as the world's most economical Ten, combining lively performance with exceptional petrol economy—over 40 m.p.g. Saloons are priced from £168. This new Ten-four is shown for the first time at the Motor Show, and heralds the entry of the famous Vauxhall firm into the light car market. The manufacturers have spent over £1,000,000 upon factory extensions, new jigs, precision tools, and special machinery in order to build this Ten.

The 4-cylinder o.h.v. engine develops unusual power and acceleration for a car rated at 10 h.p. and taxed at £7 10s. It is claimed that 50 m.p.h. is reached from standstill in 22.5 sec., and that the maximum speed is around 65 m.p.h. But most amazing of all is the low petrol consumption and economical running. It is said to be capable of a steady 40 m.p.g. A special six-mixture carburettor automatically regulates the mixtures to suit the running conditions, and the modern engine design contributes to this economy. Independent springing is now almost taken for granted on the big, luxury cars of to-day, yet it is the small car of short wheelbase that most benefits by this system.

The new Vauxhall Ten-four has torsion-bar independent front-wheel springing. Powerful hydraulic brakes enable the high performance to be used with perfect safety. This Ten-four looks—and is—a big car for the 10-h.p. class. There is comfortable room for four adults and a child, with ample head and leg-room. With the Vauxhall integral chassis and body construction, there is no conventional chassis frame; the body is the chassis. Body and chassis are welded together to form one unified whole. Strength is allied to lightness, and as a result the owner is enabled to have a bigger and roomier car than would be possible with the orthodox chassis and body construction.

Of graceful and restrained streamline design, the coachwork of the Vauxhall Ten-four is modern yet never obtrusive. All the luxury features that one has come to

(Continued on page 126)

VAUXHALL — The new Ten-four which retails at the astonishingly low figure of £168. For this sum is also included independent front-wheel springing

BY APPOINTMENT

COMFORT . . IN 'THE MOST INTERESTING CAR OF THE YEAR'

Sports Saloon £485

Earls Court Motor Show STAND 85

When you have admired the beauty of this car, and sampled its speed, it remains to discover how these qualities have been wedded to the Daimler ideal of comfort. There is comfort in the roominess of this car, giving ample space for five. Comfort in the flush floor with no wells. There is comfort, for mind and body, in its firm grip on the road, in the total absence of roll, sway or slide on fast curves. The reason? There are several. There is the Daimler system, patiently perfected, of independent front wheel springing; protracted experiment with torsional sway control, weight distribution, inter-axle seating—each related, co-related, for comfort. Take the wheel—the steering is the lightest you ever handled—and yet the most positive. An interesting car—however you look at it.

- **Independent front wheel springing**
- **Anti-roll control bars front and rear**
- **Inter-axle seating. Positive steering**
- **Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission with pre-selective self-changing gearbox**

(Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler Patents)

THE NEW Daimler 'FIFTEEN'

(16·2 H.P.) SIX-LIGHT SALOON £475

See this car at your nearest distributor or write to THE DAIMLER CO. LTD., COVENTRY, *and arrange a trial.*

Buy a car made in the United Kingdom

Only VAUXHALL gives such VALUE

VAUXHALLS are built on more advanced engineering principles, that's why they lead in value. Vauxhalls offer the finer points of motoring . . . that little "extra" in performance . . . the gliding comfort of Independent Springing . . . an altogether exceptional driving ease . . . plus the smart distinction of attractive coachwork and the famous Vauxhall fluted bonnet.

In this, their most ambitious programme of 35 years, Vauxhall prove that it costs no more to own a really modern car. And it costs still less to run one. For the new Vauxhalls with their advanced engine design and six phase "economy" carburation offer a petrol saving of as much as 20% compared with cars of similar size and power.

Before you decide on a new car—see and try the new Vauxhalls. Full details from any Vauxhall Dealer, or Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton.

Every VAUXHALL HAS THESE FEATURES

INDEPENDENT FRONT SUSPENSION
for riding that is changed to gliding

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE
with lively acceleration for safe good average speeds

VAUXHALL CONTROLLED SYNCHRO-MESH
for perfect gear changing

NO-DRAUGHT VENTILATION
for health and comfort

THOROUGH SOUND INSULATION
of body and scuttle for silent running

OVERHEAD VALVE ENGINES
for power, economy and accessibility

SIX PHASE CARBURATION
Fully automatic ignition for performance with economy

SPECIAL CYLINDER BORE LUBRICATION
for long life and low oil consumption

DOUBLE THERMOSTAT CONTROL
of cooling and exhaust heated manifold for quick warming-up

IRON ALLOY BRAKE DRUMS
for smoothness and long lining life

FINE MODERN COACHWORK
Wide doors—good vision—roomy comfort

MECHANICAL WINDSCREEN WIPERS
powerful, silent and trouble-free

BODY CONFORMITY SEATING
for comfort and anatomically correct support

EASY JACKING SYSTEMS
to simplify wheel changing

MANY CONVENIENT FEATURES
Self-returning direction indicators *Foot operated headlamp dipper*
Large easily read instruments *Easy-clean wheels*
Multiple fuse box

New Season's PROGRAMME

10 h.p. The World's most economical Ten. This new Ten four brings Vauxhall motoring within the reach of practically every motorist. No other car combines such lively performance with such extreme petrol economy (40 m.p.g.). It is a *new* kind of light car, built in a *new* way with integral chassis and body construction like a box girder bridge. A full four-seater Saloon with ample luggage accommodation. Standard Saloon **£168.** De Luxe Saloon with sliding roof and No-Draught Ventilation **£182.** Deliveries commence Nov. Prices From **£168**

12 h.p. A 'Six' at the price of a 'Four' This Vauxhall offers the smoothness and performance of a six-cylinder engine in an economical 12 h.p. car. The silky smoothness of the engine is matched by the gliding smoothness of Independent front wheel Springing. It is a roomy 4/5 seater with every worth while modern feature. Saloon with No-Draught Ventilation and sliding roof **£215.** Coupé **£245.** Other attractive body styles. Prices From **£215**

14 h.p. Most popular of all 'fourteens' The Vauxhall 14 h.p. is leader in performance and popularity in its class. Its lively acceleration, fine turn of speed and six-cylinder smoothness make it outstanding in performance. Like all Vauxhalls it has Independent Springing, changing riding into gliding. The De Luxe Saloon, a roomy 4/5 seater with No-Draught Ventilation and sliding roof, costs **£225.** The Touring Saloon, with built-in luggage accommodation, **£230.** Coupé **£245.** Other attractive body styles. Prices From **£225**

25 h.p. Built to meet world competition The Vauxhall 25 h.p. won immediate success as a big, roomy British Car designed to meet the world's best Six in performance, comfort and value. There are a number of refinements in this new edition of a highly successful car including silent, All-Synchro-Mesh gearbox, metal rear spring gaiters and a built-in car heater and defroster. Full five-seater Saloon **£315.** Grosvenor 7-seater Limousine, on long chassis, **£595.** Other attractive body styles. Prices From **£315**

ALL AT THE MOTOR SHOW, EARLS COURT
STAND No. 89

RIDING IS CHANGED TO GLIDING WITH VAUXHALL INDEPENDENT SPRINGING

EARLS COURT — The Motorist's Mecca

(*Continued from page* 124)

look for in a Vauxhall are to be found in this new car. Vauxhall no-draught ventilation—all silent gears with controlled synchromesh—mechanical windscreen wipers driven direct from the engine, are to mention but a few. In addition to two examples of this new Ten-four, four other models of the Vauxhall range are to be seen.

HILLMAN.—Seven models fully representative of the Minx and 6-cylinder ranges for 1938 are exhibited on the Hillman stand No. 64. Three Minx models are shown, with safety saloon, saloon de luxe and four-seater coupé bodies. Two Fourteens with safety saloon and saloon de luxe bodies are also on view, in addition to the Eighty seven-seater saloon. The new Hillman Fourteen saloon is priced at £248. It seats five adults in complete comfort, and is possessed of engine power in every way satisfying. It is, indeed, a real five-seater with its extra wide, deep seats and exceptionally generous head and leg room. In appearance it is most intriguing with its practical streamlining, and its mechanical features are no less notable.

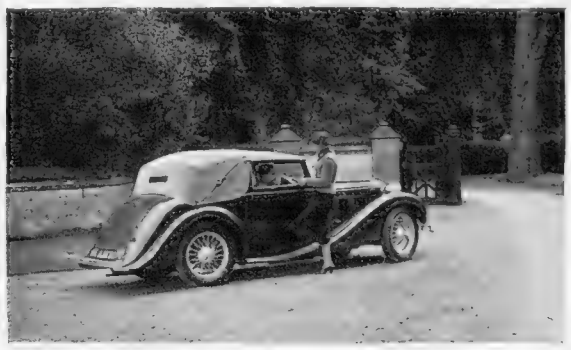
The now well-known "Evenkeel" suspension is included, while the chassis frame is of box-girder construction. The 13.9-h.p. 4-cylinder side valve engine has been designed to provide smooth running with great silence and economy. The engine develops 51 b.h.p., and the car is taxed at £10 10s. The gear-box provides four forward speeds, all of which have synchromesh. Front wings, radiator and bonnet are cushion mounted free of the chassis and independent of road jolt. The coachwork of the Hillman Fourteen is in every way stylish. The spare wheel is housed in the tail, in its own separate compartment, out of sight yet easily accessible via a quickly detachable panel. The interior of the body is roomy and comfortable. Large diameter instruments are grouped together in a handsome panel right beneath the driver's eye and there is a rheostat switch enabling the direct lighting of the panel to be varied at will. Excellent luggage accommodation is also another big feature.

HUMBER.—All Humber cars for 1938 are 6-cylinder models and for the first time in the history of the firm a 6-cylinder Humber is available at under £350. Eight models are shown on the Humber stand No. 81, including two new cars, the new Snipe and the new Sixteen. The new Snipe is now called the Snipe Imperial and the famous Pullman seven-seater is retained. Motorists will find that this new Snipe, though compact and "handy," will give them all they want in speed and acceleration. The 20.9-h.p. engine is taxed at £15 15s. The valve arrangement is side-by-side, giving long life and freedom from frequent tappet adjustment, whilst also making for a high degree of silence. The engine has an aluminium alloy high-compression cylinder head, damper-controlled balanced crankshaft, efficient oil filtration and automatic ignition control. The engine is mounted on rubber cushions in the chassis, which is of the well-tried box-girder design.

HILLMAN

The new Fourteen, a sturdy car of moderate cost built to the ideal of the motorist requiring medium horsepower and ample passenger accommodation

As on all Humber models, a four-speed gear-box with synchromesh on top and third speeds, and incorporating a new-type ball-change mechanism which still further simplifies gear-changing, is fitted. The saloon body of the new Snipe takes five persons in complete comfort and the interior fittings and equipment are beyond reproach. The car is priced at £345. The new Humber Sixteen whilst following the same general lines as the new Snipe, provides the owner-driver with a full five-seater saloon, which he will find exceedingly easy to maintain and delightfully economical in its running costs. It is rated at 16.9 h.p. (tax £12 15s.) and it costs £330. The other models on show include the Pullman with two body types, and the Snipe Imperial with three body types. In addition, Humber exhibits are found on a number of stands in the coachwork section. "Even-keel" independent front-wheel suspension is included on all models.



M.G.

The 1½-litre foursome which amply supports this famous firm's reputation for excellence

M.G.—A complete range of M.G. cars can be seen on the M.G. stand No. 98. The M.G. Car Company, which was amongst the first to announce new models as and when development made it desirable instead of making "annual new programme announcements," is continuing the policy and the present range, comprising the M.G. Midget series T., the 1½-litre and the 2-litre models, is carrying on uninterruptedly. In spite of the increased costs of raw materials the Company are continuing to offer M.G. cars without increasing the prices, except in certain cases where specialised coachwork, not of M.G. manufacture, is fitted, and then the price is influenced solely by increased coachwork costs. An entirely new and most attractive sports four-seater open body on the 2-litre chassis makes its first appearance at the Show. Charlesworth are responsible for this new coachwork which is extremely attractive with cut-away doors and disappearing hood. The 2-litre range, otherwise, consisting of a four-door saloon and folding head foursome, remain unaltered.

RAILTON.—Railton cars, noted for their fine body lines and excellent performance, are to be seen on the Hudson stand. This firm have now introduced a 6-cylinder model at £399 for the saloon. The body is identical in finish to, and provides the same accommodation as the Sandown version of the 8-cylinder Railton.

The body of this new 6-cylinder has no footwells at the rear, and gives remarkably easy access combined with ample headroom, at the same time preserving the attractive lines for which the Railton is notable. There is a roomy luggage locker with a spare wheel carried neatly at the rear, sliding roof, riveted bonnet hinges. The trimming is carried out in high quality leather with headcloths and carpets to suit.

The 6-cylinder Railton coupé, which retails at £458, is fitted with a really convertible body with a three-position hood which gives the pleasures of either the open tourer or the comfort of a saloon, at the same time combining comfortable seating space for five people and the smooth performance for which the Railton has always been famous, with the inexpensive running costs of a 16-h.p. car. Ample luggage space is also provided in the boot.

THE RAILTON

THE 8 CYLINDER FAIRMILE DROPHEAD COUPE £698

Graceful lines with an outstanding performance

RAILTON CARS, THE FAIRMILE, COBHAM, SURREY, TELEPHONE COBHAM 400

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'Look at that moonlight on the Pyramids'

'Egypt's more beautiful than anything we ever imagined. And the winter climate's so wonderful'

'I'm mad to see Luxor. And the Nile and the desert, too . . . By the way, I had a p.c. from Home this morning'

'Any news?'

'No . . . just that it was very cold and raining'

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* You should see the Aswan Dam, one of the greatest feats of engineering in the world.

* Visit the tomb of Tutankhamen in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor; it will be an unforgettable experience.

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* To travel in Egypt is to travel comfortably and efficiently—whether by rail, boat, or air.

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1. BY SEA . . . 10 to 12 days. Steamers go to Port Said. Fares to suit your purse. You leave from several different English ports.

2. BY AIR . . . From Croydon to Alexandria. 2 to 3 days.

3. OVERLAND PART OF THE WAY . . . Train-de-luxe to Marseilles, Genoa or Venice. Then by steamer to Alexandria. $4\frac{1}{2}$ days.

4. OVERLAND ALL THE WAY . . . Simplon-Orient Express from London to Istambul. Through Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, to Cairo. $7\frac{1}{2}$ days.

Full information may be had from the Egypt Travel Bureau, 29 Regent Street, London, S.W.1, or from the offices of the recognised travel agencies.

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The Backbone of South Africa. The Drakensberg Mountains.

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A trip there need not make excessive demands on time or pocket; and when you return Winter will be a happy memory of warmth and new experiences.

Descriptive brochures and other particulars may be obtained from the TRAVEL BUREAU, SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2, or the principal Travel Agencies.

Hippopotami basking in the sun, Kruger National Park.

Lazy days..

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SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

LOOKING ALONG THE "CUT": An impressive view of the Suez Canal with Port Said looming in the far distance

Visiting Thirty Countries for 570 Guineas — a Wonderful Travel Opportunity: Some Suggestions for Autumn Holidaymaking on the Continent

A REMARKABLE World Tour.—Distinct from the programmes of the cruising liners reviewed in these pages three weeks ago, but nevertheless a distinguished pendant to the list, comes the booklet issued by I. T. World Tours of 4, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, giving details of the great journey which will start from London on December 10. Between then and June 26, the travellers will cover 45,000 miles, visit every Continent and thirty countries, and make sixty incidental tours on land. As I have mentioned, the tour differs from cruising programmes. Changes are made from ship to ship to give time for appreciably long stays and journeys on land, and those who decide to embark upon it will have the unforgettable experience of crossing the Andes by train.

Among the exciting places to be visited are Candy in Ceylon, the Waimangu district and Rotorua in the North Island of New Zealand, Hong Kong, Mount Fuji in Japan, Mollendo 7,550 ft. up in Peru, the Niagara Falls, and the St. Lawrence River. It is difficult to think of a more interesting tour. The cost is 570 guineas inclusive of hotel bills and conducted tours by experts in every country. Full details may be got from the above address.

From the Garonne to the Pyrenees.—It is a difficult question to decide whether early summer or late autumn are the pleasantest times of year in the south-western quarter of France. As famous for its food as for the beauty of its landscape the Côte d'Argent, the Landes, the Basque coast and the Pyrenees offer amazing contrasts and an astonishing variety of places at which to stay. Along the first, for instance, are such attractive places as Mimizan, Hossegor, and Capbreton and the lakes of Cazeaux; or, farther south there are Labenne, St. Jean de Luz and, of course, Biarritz.

The Pyrenees, a region particularly dear to me, I hope to deal with at a later date. For the moment let it suffice to say that in autumn the flowers of this glorious part of the world make a final effort which almost rivals the splendours of early summer, and that you are less likely to find yourself in a crowd when visiting such places as Oloron, Bagnères-de-Bigorres, or St. Bertrand-de-Comminges at this time of year than in summer. This is perhaps a minor reason to put forward since the countryside is on such a large scale that it is rarely that you find yourself overcrowded; but the selfish sensation of having a church or mountain side, so to speak, to oneself is certainly an asset on a holiday.

Bath and West.—Now that the tide of summer visitors has gone back, and while you may still count on a sufficiency of daylight and some of the calmest weather of the year is the time to motor westwards. The real beauty of the autumn countryside starts to my mind just before Henley is reached and from thence onwards it is a pageant of brown and gold. Of the towns of the west, Glastonbury's calm spirit has survived vandalism and neglect; Wells has the most splendid bishop's palace in England, and Bath, happily rescued from an ill-considered proposal to "improve" on Nash's planning, is incomparable. If we have lost Regent Street, Bath's squares and crescents retain the gracious atmosphere of the architecture.

Dorsetshire too contains more beautiful villages to the square mile, even perhaps than Gloucestershire: certainly they have most attractive names. Will you decide to spend the night at Compton Valence, or shall it be Toller Porcorum, or even Haselbury Plucknett?

Florence in Autumn.—Autumn is an excellent season at which to visit Florence and to explore the Tuscan countryside. This richest of cities in beautiful works of art, whether buildings, statuary or pictures, must be visited by everyone who wishes to complete his education. Here, for instance, are Cellini's "Perseus" and Michelangelo's "David", the marvels of the Uffizi Gallery, the Medici Chapels and the Ponte Vecchio. And, having seen the sights, there are a great number of excursions to be made from Florence, up to Fiesole or to L'Impruneta where the fair of San Luca takes place this month, or Settignano with its ancient church and the beautiful seventeenth-century Villa Gamberaia in its gardens nearby. Certainly, if you must put off to a later date the fuller exploration of the Tuscan country, Florence is the best place at which to begin your acquaintance with this wonderful corner of the world.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Singapore and Batavia.—We do not think that you would find it too hot to go to Australia via Singapore and Batavia, leaving at the date you mention. It is in fact the best time of year for this route; the weather would be similar to that in July and August here and very pleasant at sea. If you make the return journey via the Orient Line leaving about the middle of February, you will escape the great heat in the Gulf of Suez.

Germany.—As the weather will be similar to what we get in England in November the usual holiday centres will not be at their best and we think that you would have a more enjoyable holiday if you concentrated on the towns and travel through the Rhineland by motor coach rather than by steamer. There is a through service from Paris to Cologne, and we suggest that you go from Cologne to Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, returning thence to England.

There will be no difficulty in obtaining reasonable accommodation and in Cologne we recommend the Baseler Hof Hospitoz, room and half pension, 3½ to 6½ marks per day; in Frankfurt the Hamburger Hof, room and half pension, 5 to 6 marks per day; in Heidelberg the Fremdenheim Frau Dr. Meinel, Sophienstrasse 25, room and half pension, 4 to 6 marks per day; and in Carlsruhe the National, room and half pension, 5½ to 6 marks per day. You should obtain your registered marks through your travel agency before leaving.

South Africa.—The weather would be delightful in January, February, and March. December to February constitute the summer months, and the average temperature is about 65 deg. We think that you would like Capetown very much indeed, and there are plenty of interesting excursions. Hotel accommodation is expensive. A good, comfortable hotel in Capetown is the Metropole, 33, Long Street, which charges 5 guineas per week: the City Mansion Hotel, 12s. 6d. per day; and the St. George's Hotel, which charges 4 guineas per week. You would be more comfortable in Capetown itself than in the suburbs.

WHERE WINTER CRUISING LINERS GO: A scene in the small harbour town of Ponta Delgada on San Miguel in the climatically favoured Azores

THE VINEYARDS OF THE MOSELLE where the harvest—a good one by all accounts—is now being gathered and the countryside is at its busiest

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

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Pine-scented air to keep you free from winter ailments and to aid sleep a comfortable bed. A winter headquarters in delightful country with crackling fires in the lounges and central heating in every single room of the house. London and the coast within easy reach ; golf and plenty of amusement near by. Tennis on an all-weather court. Tempting menus, tempting inclusive terms . . . at an hotel and a home.

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CROWBOROUGH
"A wee bit of Scotland in Sussex"

Write for tariff to A. Eglinton Adams, Resident Proprietor, late of the Royal British Hotel, Edinburgh

In the quiet of the Cathedral Close . . .

Visitors to the West Country in autumn should not fail to stay at the Royal Clarence —an 18th-century coaching house complete with every modern comfort. Grill room. Lift. Fully licensed. Write for brochure.

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In the lee of the Leas . . . in the smile of the sun. In fact a first-class situation for an Autumn holiday or Winter residence

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Overlooking Sea. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Central Heating throughout.

Patronised by Royalty

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Telephone 39

Southport in October . . .
Where the season never ends . . . the gay whirl of Lord Street, golf on one of the famous seven courses, dancing at the Prince, and a hundred other indoor and out-of-door activities all at their best at Southport in autumn. Now is the time to take a late holiday or better still settle down for the winter at the

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

the congregating point of Who's Who in the North. Good food, comfort and courtesy. Dancing every Saturday night.

Write to H. Gascoigne, Managing Director, for further details. Telephones: 4151.

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Shall we winter in comfort? Aye, and old fashions please us best at the Gulielmi et Mariae. Old ways, old wood, old furnishings . . . fires to warm the marrow, good ale and capon to rejoice the vitals! Soft beds and the modernest appurtenances to every chamber and suite thereof. Craftsmen to serve and cook for us. Golf to those that wot. To hounds . . . eleven meets a week. Old wines and gay spirits i' The Bar. The Cotswolds our playground . . . and the terms all-comprehending that do verily comfort our hearts and purses. Write to Mine Host, H. Mathew Stevenson, or 'phone 2575. (Hacks and Hunters at the door upon request.)

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Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly.

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For those who like a quiet hotel with every modern convenience, situated in the heart of Mayfair

THE HONYWOOD HOTELS — LADY HONYWOOD, Managing Director

In Quest of

Where to Winter: The Crops Up as the

I THOUGHT the swallows had long since left, but last Sunday I saw plenty near my bungalow at Ferring on the coast. Perhaps they had changed their minds and decided that England was not such a bad place after all and that an occasional spell of wet would be better than the political upheavals going on in warmer climes.

Certainly in spite of the attraction of the franc, there are many who prefer to remain on English shores, and at this period of the year I get many inquiries for more or less permanent winter residence.

It is too big a subject to deal with in any detail, but I will take as my cue representative types of inquiries I am getting, and couple with them the suggestion that if I have not dealt with the district or type of place you are seeking, a letter to me c/o THE SPHERE will enable me to try to solve your problem.

"*Somewhere in Kent, not right in a town, but on the edge. Own golf links if possible. Peacefulness above all things.*" The answer is readily to hand. *The Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells*—in the borough of Tunbridge Wells, 400 ft. up facing the south and the sun, yet looking down on the actual town itself. You would live in the Spa Hotel for weeks and not realise that close by 35,000 odd people were residing, and further that in about an hour you could be in the centre of London.

It may savour a little of the Guide Book to point out that Tunbridge Wells is the nearest inland health resort to London, but facts are facts and the old people to be seen in and around Tunbridge Wells are evidence of its healthful qualities.

Of the Spa Hotel itself I would refer you to their booklet—"And Here is Peace." Peace for the old people who want to escape from the noises of this modern world. Peace for the middle-aged and those younger still who enjoy their game of golf in the grounds of the hotel, their billiards and their night-cap in a club atmosphere, and peace in particular for those of all ages, who have need to convalesce in sunny surroundings.

The Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, fills a very definite niche in the hotel world. Old-fashioned on the one hand, yet with modern comforts on the other, I can imagine there must be many in the bleaker north who will be glad to migrate this winter to the more genial climate of Tunbridge Wells and the kindly, homely atmosphere of the Spa Hotel.

"*A residential hotel near to London, from which my husband can motor or train up very easily, preferably on the west side.*"

I was thankful to my inquirer for saying preferably the west side, for around London there is almost a green belt of residential hotels situated in their own parks and offering golf and tennis outside the front door. But the west side suggests Paddington as one terminus and I have the answer.

Grove Hall, Tweyford, Berks.—37 minutes by a frequent service of

Business . .

Those who come to London for exhibitions, conferences, meetings, and appointments will find that the Alexandra offers an incomparable situation for saving time and fares. Luxurious comfort and efficient service restore tired brains and weary bodies.
And very economical terms not only lower expenses but set a new standard in value for money.

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140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
Write or telephone SLOane 4521

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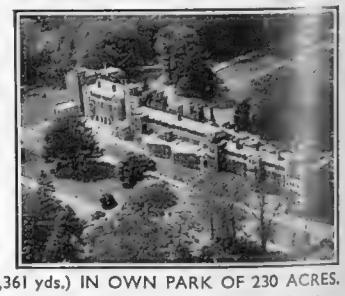

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

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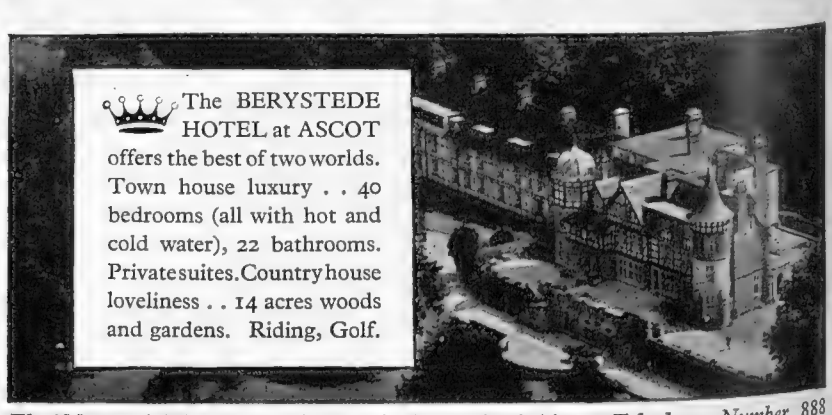
REDUCTION 20%–25%
No alteration in Standard.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.
Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.

Illustrated brochure free on request.



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The Manager, The Berystede Hotel, Ascot, Berkshire. *Telephone Number* 888

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Old Question Once Again Fall Progresses

fast trains, 34 miles only by a fast road, for Twyford is only about two miles off the Bath Road. Note I have not used the word "hotel," for though Grove Hall is an hotel, licensed, A.A., R.A.C., and all that, it is a "homely" place.

Mr. and Mrs. Tisdall who acquired it some little while back were determined to find the ideal spot which could be a home for themselves and those who shared it with them. Although run on hotel lines, they try to avoid anything hotel-ly. But how much more you can get there than in a home of your own. Every bedroom has its own private bathroom—almost self-contained flats—for many of the rooms are sufficiently large to make sitting-rooms as well. There are some suites too and you will be lucky to get one if there is one free.

A new wing has recently been added with large metal windows which permit a full view over the 12½ acres of grounds. I often recommend Grove Hall to the Service man home on leave, to the business man who has to go to London every day and wants a congenial atmosphere where his family will not be bored by day. And I recommend Grove Hall to all for its convenience to London and the pleasant neighbourhood around, for though the Thames is but two miles away Grove Hall lies above all floods and river mist.

I know no other hotel outside London which can boast a bathroom to every bedroom and this attraction in itself makes Grove Hall much sought after.

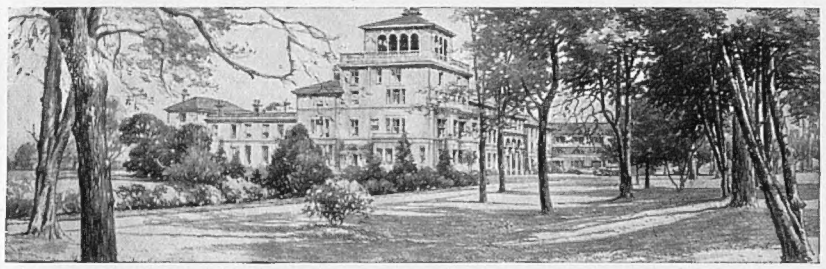
"*We want to find somewhere in the Leamington district . . . a good centre for hunting, motoring . . . and we might add we like something to do in the evening.*"

A year ago I might have said Leamington itself and it is still a place to be considered, but I found such a gem of an hotel a few weeks ago at Stratford-on-Avon that my answer to this inquiry must be the *William and Mary Hotel, Old Town, Stratford-on-Avon.* Mr. H. Mathew Stevenson, Jnr., the proprietor, is a great lover of everything artistic. He discovered this genuine 1690 house and although at the time it was rather "down at heel" he quite realised its possibilities and with the guidance of experts it was perfectly restored and beautifully furnished.

The few bedrooms are luxurious and equipped with everything even to a sun-lamp. Great emphasis is laid on the best food and wine. Drinks and supper are served in the underground Bar de Mattei; entertainment of a high order is generally available at the magnificent Memorial Theatre and there are no fewer than eleven meets a week for the huntsman. The place is a perfect gem.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4.*

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE



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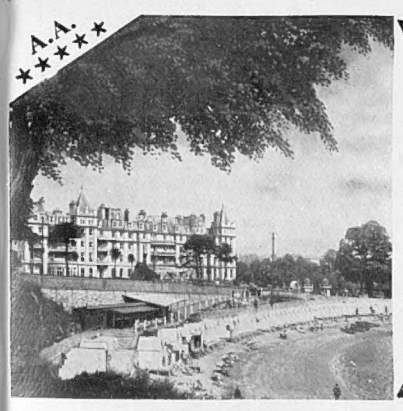

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LINCOMBE HALL HOTEL TORQUAY

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Ascot.—The Berystede Hotel.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," West Parade.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Cornwall).—Welltown Manor. Tel. 17
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Southcliffe Hotel. Tel. 7140.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574 5.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Falmouth.—Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Folkestone.—Hotel Wampach. Tel. 3129.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere (Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel. 596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Haywards Heath.—Birch Hotel. Tel. 670.
Hinton (New Forest, Hants.).—East Close Htl.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Liss (Hampshire).—East Hill Country House Htl.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Middleton-on-Sea, Susx.—Southdean-on-Sea Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Padstow.—Metropole Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.

ENGLISH LAKES

Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4.
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. A.A. R.A.C

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel. Tel. 9.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire (Sma' Glen).—Amulree Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort)
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

SICILY: ISLE OF DESTINY

(*Continued from page* 96)

Across this 80 miles of sea, barely 100 fathoms deep and dividing Europe from Africa, Mussolini would apparently stake far more than the future of Sicily (I remember writing about it, nearly two years ago, from Gibraltar).

Yet if Sicily is to be the bridge-head of Empire, it would be fatuous to suggest that the island is henceforth to be Italy's major concern, from the military point of view. Italy is an astonishingly vulnerable land, a circumstance that is gaining increased attention in circles where these things matter. Nearly all Italy's densely populated cities are either on the sea or within half-an-hour's flight. Rome is 13 miles from the coast, Milan and Turin perhaps the farthest inland. Again, the important bulk of Italy's industry is located in the north, near the French frontier, and much of her agriculture in the valley of the Po. Her electric power also derives from the north. One aspect of Mussolini's interest in Sicily is understood to repose on a desire to farm out some of this top-heavy northern concentration in the "Isle of Destiny," as the Fascist papers have been boosting the Trinacria of stone, bronze, iron, and now air age.

I have almost entirely omitted to write of the Isle of Destiny as nine out of ten foreigners know it: tourist garden beyond compare. Hateful as he says it is to him, that foreigners should still look upon Italy as a garden of antiquity *hors concours*, the Duce nevertheless has been doing his utmost to attract tourists to Sicily—or, rather, back to Sicily. For there has been a sad falling away in numbers, due to this and that; while the diehards don't spend.

One wonders how the new militarisation—aerodromes, docks, secret stunts, stores, camps, fortifications—may affect the tourist problem further. It would be a pity if too much of Sicily's coast became a sort of barred off Heligoland. There is so much that is contrasting to see, so much that is to be seen nowhere else.

The temples of Girgenti, lovely Monreale, "Fiesole of Palermo" (though I cannot say the last strikes one as justly earning the style of "la Città Felice"—one has seen happier Italian cities), the Capucin catacombs where they retain 7,000 or 8,000 grinning mummies or skeletons for your edification: the appalling heat and glare of African Syracuse; the little port of Giardini whence Garibaldi set forth to conquer a nation with two small boatloads of adherents; lovely, snow-capped Etna, of over eighty major convulsions, whose lava has supplied the foundations, the bricks and mortar, and the paving of most of the city of Catania beneath it.

Convulsions, social, religious, political, geological have been Sicily's lot for thousands of years. It is to be hoped her scheduled renaissance will not mean further convulsions.

STAGE AND SCREEN (*Cont. from page* 112)

gotta hand over their dollars or be taken for a ride.

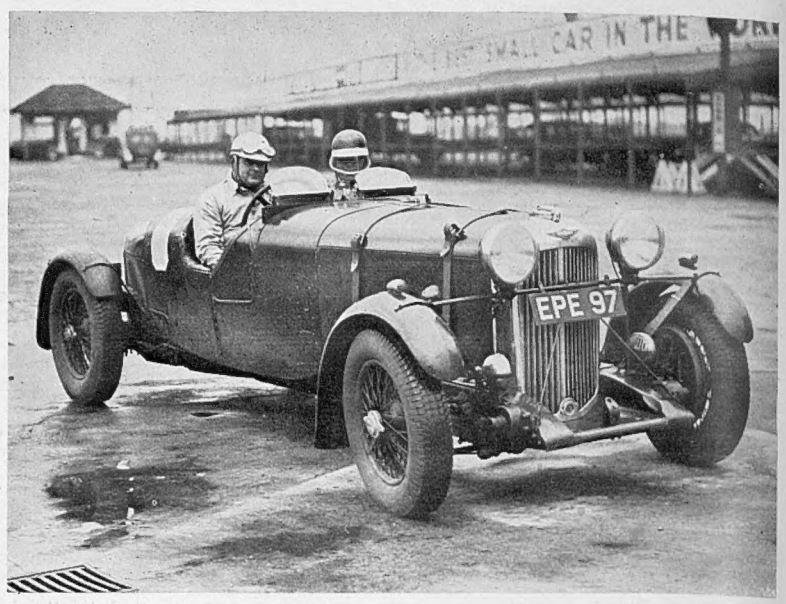
Taxi-men seem to be among the chief villains. I have always found New York taxi-men rather charming in a toughish way, and certainly harmless. They call you "friend" and if you thank them when you pay them they are apt to say "Don't thank me"—which, after all, is sensible and logical. In *Big City* they do not stop short of murder and arson, and in order to check them the mayor has to engage a gang of prize-fighters literally to knock them into shape—or out of it.

M.G.M., who are responsible for this orgy of film thuggery, manifestly do not care a dime about propaganda, differing therein from the makers of films in and about Soviet Russia. In most of those I have seen any place in the U.S.S.R. is represented as a sort of Holy City (without the religion, of course) where everyone is happy and healthy and smiling and full of good food and of the praises of the glorious M. Stalin. Which is just as far from the truth as this picture of New York as hell with the lid off, though not nearly such good entertainment.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The children in the Society's Homes and Training Ship have come from all parts of the country. They are being trained to become good and useful men and women, well fitted to take their places in the world. 1,100 are now under the Society's care, and a large sum of money is required each week to maintain and train these children. An urgent appeal is made to the readers of THE SPHERE to send donations to help carry on this great work of caring for poor children. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

A "RECORD" RE-CAPTURED for GREAT BRITAIN



TRIUMPH FOR A BRITISH CAR: The standard 4½-litre Lagonda Rapide, in full touring trim and carrying a passenger, which has just captured a coveted honour at Brooklands. Driven by Mr. A. C. Hess a few days ago this car achieved 104·44 miles from a standing start over an officially timed hour. The car was prepared by Mr. Arthur Fox, the entrant, and can now claim to be the fastest standard touring car in Great Britain

FOR many months past a German car—a B.M.W.—has held the honour of being the fastest standard sports car in Great Britain. This "record" was achieved in April last by Mr. S. C. H. Davis who (driving solo) put up the very creditable figure of 102·22 m.p.h. from a standing start during an officially-observed period of one hour. A few days ago, however, this coveted "record" was captured by Mr. Alan C. Hess driving Mr. Arthur Fox's standard 4½-litre Lagonda Rapide. On this occasion, incidentally, a passenger was also carried, as against the B.M.W.'s single occupant. Over the officially-timed hour, and from a standing start, Mr. Hess achieved a distance of 104·44 miles; and this on a damp and misty track—the first time a standard British sports car has exceeded 100 miles within the hour. The car was in full touring trim with lamps, wings, two windshields, spare wheel, etc., and ran on standard fuel obtained from a wayside filling station. The whole performance was a fine achievement for a fine British car, and reflects great credit on both Mr. Fox, the entrant (who prepared the car for its attempt), and Mr. Hess, the driver.

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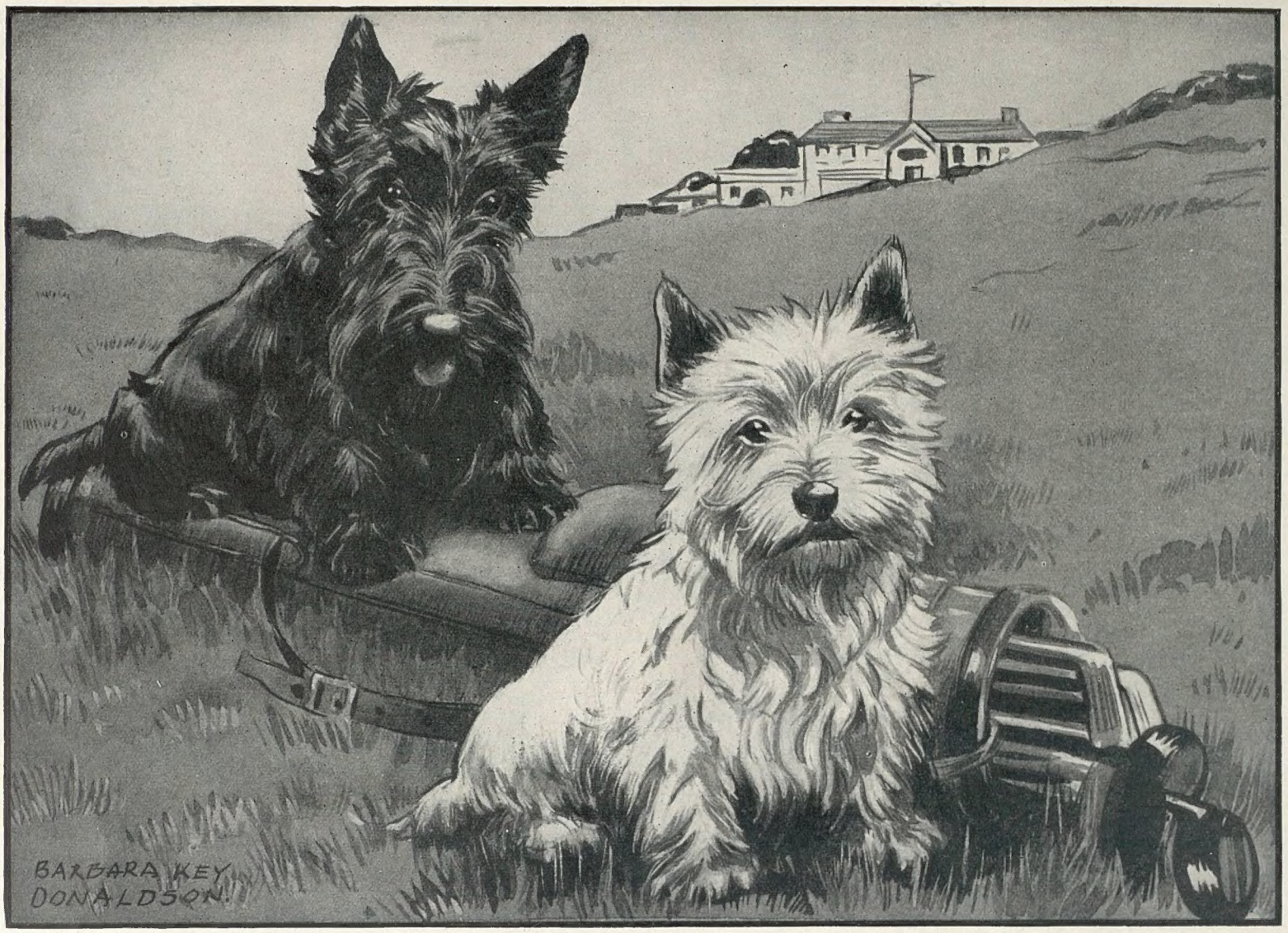

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